

1/2d.

Daily Mirror

It will soon
be too late
to order
MINIATURES.

(See Page 16.)

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

MISS N. LEITER, WEDDED TO AN ENGLISHMAN.



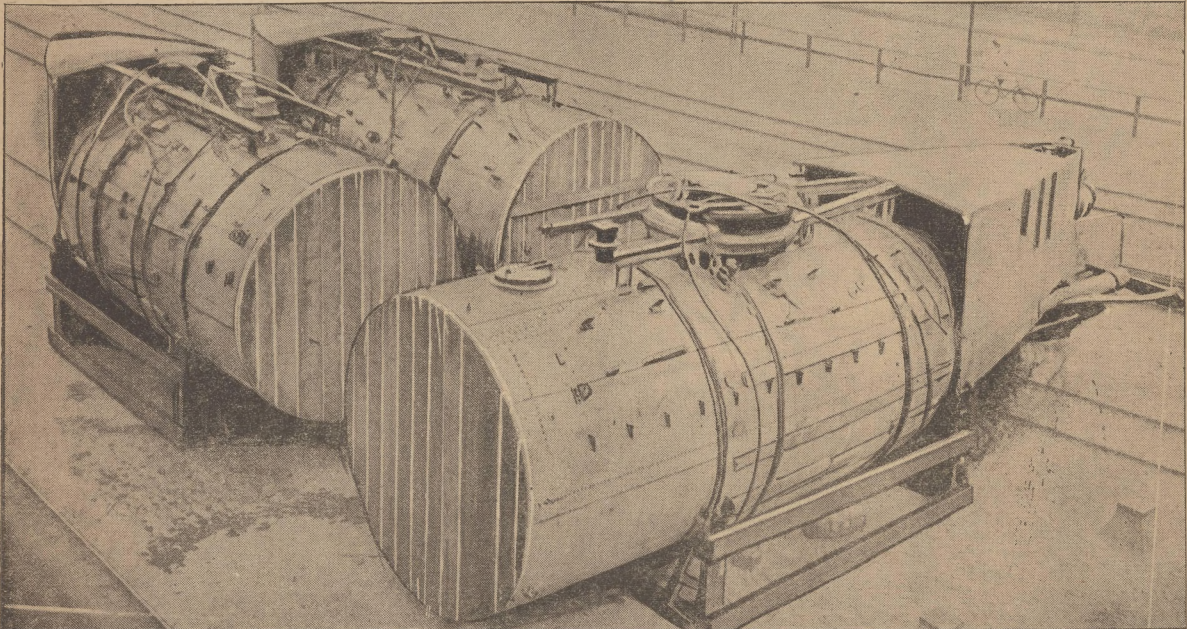
She is the sister of Lady Curzon, and daughter of the late millionaire, Mr. Levi Z. Leiter, of Chicago. Her husband is Major Colin Powys Campbell, of the Indian Army.

TOBOGGANING AT ST. MORITZ.



This healthful and exhilarating sport is now in full blast. Tobogganing is becoming very popular in England also. A toboggan is easily made, and there are plenty of hills in the British Isles.

GERMAN SUBMARINE FOR RUSSIA. A BREACH OF THE LAW OF NATIONS.



Photograph taken at Hamburg, showing a flagrant violation of international law. This submarine is to be shipped in sections to the East for use by the Baltic Fleet. (Copyright: "The Sphere.")

JAPAN'S SUCCESS.

Brilliant Feat of Arms at
Port Arthur.

203 METRE HILL TAKEN.

Tokio Wild With Delight—
Thousands of Volunteers.

The last two days have witnessed such rejoicings at Tokio as have not been seen since the beginning of the war.

General Nogii's telegram announcing the storming and capture of 203 Metre Hill has cheered the Japanese people and revived the hope of the early capture of the citadel.

As its name implies, the height of the captured position is 650 feet, it being the highest of the ridge of hills called Namaokayama by the Japanese.

It is slightly to the west of the northern inlet to the port, and commands a clear, uninterrupted line of fire to the fleet anchorage in the west basin.

Its value is, therefore, incalculable, and it has already been the object of more than one Japanese attack. Indeed, the most serious reverse encountered by the besiegers occurred in an attack made upon this position in September.

Tokio has good reason to feel jubilant, and it is characteristic of the people that they are showing their pleasure in a very practical way.

The massing of the troops before Port Arthur has weakened Oyama's army in Manchuria very considerably, but the capture of 203 Metre Hill has been the signal for general volunteering.

Thousands of men throughout the Empire are marching to the barracks and donning their country's uniform for the first time. Their friends, in accordance with a good old Japanese custom, escort them to the barracks with flags and banners.

Scores of these picturesque little processions were witnessed in Tokio and other Japanese cities yesterday, amid scenes of rejoicing tempered by sorrow for the thousands of heroes who have already laid down their lives for the freedom of Japan.

The opening of the Japanese Parliament was followed by scenes that will live in Japanese history.

Immense crowds gathered round their Emperor's Palace, acclaiming the Mikado with immense enthusiasm.

Then they proceeded to the British Legation, and cheered the consulate, honouring the flag of their allies with repeated salvos of "Banzai."

203 METRE HILL.

Whole Position Captured with Heavy
Russian Loss.

TOKIO, Thursday.—Following report is published at Imperial Headquarters:—

Besieging army commenced bombardment of 203 Metre Hill at dawn on November 30, and made several charges before 4 p.m., but, owing to enemy's stubborn resistance, charges failed.

At 5 p.m. our force advanced against south-eastern portion of hill, and, making a fierce charge, reached within 30 metres of summit.

At seven o'clock, having been reinforced, our troops charged into the top and occupied it.

Our forces operating against north-eastern part also charged, and at eight the entire fort on summit of hill fell into our hands.

Russians left heaps of dead bodies on eastern side of hill, but we had no time to investigate them.—Reuter's Special Service.

IN MANCHURIA.

Japanese Reported To Be Falling Back
Slowly.

News comes from St. Petersburg that the Japanese army in Manchuria is slowly falling back before the superior Russian forces.

General Rennenkampf, who commands the Russian cavalry, dislodged the Japanese advance guard from a pass strongly held by them, forcing them back two versts.

It is believed in St. Petersburg that there will be no general advance on Kuropatkin's part until his Third Army has been constituted.

"TAMING JINGOISM."

ST. PETERSBURG, Thursday.—The "Birzheviya Viedomosti," in an article entitled "How to tame the wild beast 'Jingoism,'" after remarking that English hatred for Russia is only dormant, says that French influence in England is the restraining factor, "a kind of lightning conductor." The journal suggests that "Jingoism should be isolated."—Reuter.

ONE-ARMED FILIBUSTER

Leads a Venezuelan Attack Upon
British Subjects.

14 PRISONERS, ONE SHOT.

An outrage on British subjects has been perpetrated by Venezuelans, says a Reuter message from Georgetown, British Guiana.

A number of gold miners and prospectors were working in the vicinity of the recently demarcated British Guiana-Venezuelan boundary, well within British territory, when they were attacked by Venezuelan soldiers under a one-armed officer.

Fourteen British subjects were seized and taken prisoners, and a fifteenth, who attempted to escape, was shot dead.

The men were taken to Santa Catalina, where they were thrown into prison and treated like common felons.

Mr. T. S. Hargreaves, secretary of the Institute of Mines and Forests, interceded with President Castro, who immediately gave orders for the release of the prisoners without entering into the merits of the case.

The Imperial Government has ordered an official inquiry, and the depositions of the men are now being taken.

SUSPECTED BRITISH STEAMERS.

Foreign Office Action Expected To
Prevent Coaling Belligerents.

It is expected at Cardiff that action will shortly be taken by the Foreign Office, owing to the shipments of Welsh coal for the Baltic Fleet.

It is strongly suspected that certain British ships have been employed in this trade, and the movements of these ships are being closely watched.

A serious position is indicated by the presence at Cardiff of the German steamer, Captain W. Menzell, which has already carried one cargo of coal for the use of the Baltic Fleet.

If it becomes demonstrably clear that the cargo she is about to load is destined for the Russians, sensational developments are likely to ensue.

RUSSIA REFUSES PEACE.

No Hague Conference Until the War
Ends.

The proposed peace conference has been indefinitely postponed owing to Russia's refusal to join.

According to Reuter, Count Cassini, who conveyed the refusal to Mr. Hay, intimated that until the Japanese war is at an end Russia cannot take part in such a conference.

WASHINGTON, Thursday.—While Russia is the first Power specifically to suggest the postponement of the second Hague Conference until the close of the war, all the other Powers have reserved for the future the pourparlers settling the date.

The United States is well pleased at the reception of the Note proposing the conference.

It is probable that America will at present rest on her oars, and that when the Russo-Japanese war ends in its final stage she will be prepared to follow up the invitation.

Meantime, should the attitude of Russia change she will find America ready to lead the Powers immediately to The Hague.—Reuter.

BOILER BLOWN THROUGH A ROOF.

Two boiler explosions were reported in different parts of the country yesterday.

At the cotton mills of Messrs. John Thompson and Company, at Blackburn, a large boiler was blown through a roof, wrecking the engine-house and severely injuring the man in charge, John Gilchrist.

By an explosion at the Faversham Gasworks two men named Osborne and Adley were badly scalded.

COUNTESS ON CHURCH WHIST PLAYING.

The Countess of Chichester, opening a Hull church bazaar yesterday, said she did not think making money for churches out of amusements was proper, and was "flabbergasted" to read of a "parochial whist drive."

She did not object to card-playing in private, and had lately had a delightful game of whist with a bishop and an archdeacon.

NEW ISSUE OF HALFPENNY STAMPS.

A new impression of halfpenny stamps has just been issued from the General Post Office, and specimens are already in the hands of the principal post offices in London. The design on the stamps is the same as before, but it is printed in a much paler green.

The Earl of Londesborough has left England for snipe-shooting in the Nile Delta.

FRAUD ON A FATHER.

Son's Heartless Swindle Recoils
on Himself.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

ST. PETERSBURG, Tuesday.—Arsenii Kostief would have been happily married to-day and the possessor of a fortune if he had not cheated his father.

Piotr Kostief, of Kazan, was a crank who, under the delusion that the rouble of 1897 contained gold worth a rouble and a half, spent four years collecting the coins in order to melt them down. Arsenii assisted him. Nearly every day the son brought the father one or more 1897 roubles, the grateful collector giving him ordinary roubles in exchange. Over 5,000 roubles were thus collected.

A week before his son's wedding Kostief prepared to melt the roubles down and extract the gold. But when he invited a skilled metallurgist to collaborate the latter ridiculed the gold story, and the old man fainted from the shock. He had still, however, his 5,000 roubles left, and he decided to present them to his son on his wedding-day.

EVERY COIN WAS BAD.

Driving to the bank with a chest containing the precious hoard, he handed it in, and asked for fifty 100-rouble notes. After examining the first few coins the officials ordered Kostief to be seized, denouncing him as a circulator of counterfeit money. Every coin in the collection was bad.

Arsenii Kostief confessed that he had cheated his father for four years, all the "1897" coins which he had brought home having been made by himself of a base metal, and he had even stolen the genuine coins collected by his father and substituted counterfeits.

CAPTIVES OF THE SNOW.

Two Families Shut Out from All Aid
on the Alps.

So severe has been the recent fall of snow on the Austrian Alps that two families, says a Reuter dispatch from Innsbruck, are snowed up at Heligenblut in the Grossglockner.

Owing to the danger of avalanches it has, up to the present, been impossible to send aid to them. There have been several fatal accidents.

Herr Franz Meyer, head of the Commune of Banneberg, was killed by the fall of a tree which broke down under the weight of the snow; and a forester, named Stammer, was found dead in a snowdrift in the vicinity of Vincenstein.

Communication is interrupted in various places in Spain owing to a heavy fall of snow.

SUIT OVER A ROYAL CHILD.

Princess's Letter May Lead to a
Sensational Case.

The Civil Court of Dresden will shortly be the scene of an interesting royal suit, relating to the paternity of the eldest son of Princess Alice of Bourbon and Prince Frederic of Schomburg-Waldenburg.

In April, 1897, Prince Frederic married Princess Alice. She is the daughter of Don Carlos by his first wife, and she left her husband about four years ago.

A son was born on June 2, 1902, to the princely couple. The forthcoming suit arises from a doubt concerning the paternity of this child.

This doubt arose on the discovery amongst the letters of the fugitive Princess of Coburg of a confidential letter from the Princess of Schomburg, with the intention of causing an explosion. A week later a church officer found that a quantity of gunpowder had been exploded in the building, though without doing any damage.

CHURCH-WRECKING IN GLASGOW.

The Rev. J. H. Dickie, minister of the Springburn Parish Church, admits that considerable alarm has been caused among his congregation by the attempts made to wreck the church.

On one Sunday the gas was turned on, obviously with the intention of causing an explosion. A week later a church officer found that a quantity of gunpowder had been exploded in the building, though without doing any damage.

ROYAL PRINCE'S BAPTISM.

Prince Arthur of Connaught left Victoria yesterday morning for Rome to represent the King, who is to be one of the sponsors at the christening of the Prince of Piedmont.

Prince Arthur will spend about six days in Rome.

CROWN PRINCE'S WEDDING FIXED.

The "Berliner Tageblatt" states that the marriage of the German Crown Prince has been fixed for March 23 next, and will take place in Berlin. The royal couple will spend their honeymoon at the Castle of Potsdam.—Exchange.

QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

Little Princes Present Gifts
Made by Themselves.

SCHOOL CHILDREN AT TEA.

Quietly, as the Queen herself would have had it, yet none the less universally, her Majesty's birthday was loyally kept yesterday throughout the country.

It was a day of remembrance, not celebrated with blare of trumpets, but with true feeling in the hearts of millions of loving subjects.

The Queen spent a homelike day at Sandringham, surrounded by most of the members of the Royal Family and some of her intimate friends, including Mr. A. J. Balfour.

The morning opened fair and bright, but damp underfoot. This, however, did not prevent her Majesty's grandchildren running over from York Cottage to wish their grandmother a happy return.

With impetuous haste, Prince Eddy, at their head, they hurried eagerly to be among the very first to give their love and best wishes. They were very proud of their presents, each one giving something made by the donor's own hands.

It is easily understood why the Queen elects to take her holiday at this time. She enjoys to the full the dear and intimate atmosphere of home life.

In addition to beautiful gifts from King Edward and the Prince and Princess of Wales, her Majesty received a host of presents from members of the Royal Family and others, including the King and Queen of Portugal.

LUNCH WITH THE SHOOTING-PARTY.

The King went out shooting with a small party and had good sport. His Majesty is looking well and his leg no longer troubles him.

While King Edward was in the covert the Queen gave her personal attention to her numerous presents and congratulatory messages, but she managed to spare time to join the shooting-party at luncheon, driving from Sandringham in a motor-car.

In the evening the King gave a large dinner-party to celebrate the event, and several friends living on the estate joined the family circle after dinner.

It has been the custom for some years past to give the great tea to the school-children on the estate in the ballroom at Sandringham, but this year the numbers were so large that the entertainments took place at the various schoolrooms. The surrounding villages and outlying houses were decorated gayly.

SALUTE IN LONDON.

In London flags flew on the public buildings and on the clubs and Government offices. At noon the "V" battery of the Royal Horse Artillery fired a royal salute of forty-one guns in St. James's Park, and a salute was also fired at the Tower. Last night the public buildings and the clubs were brilliantly illuminated.

At Windsor a royal salute was fired in the Long Walk, and a telegraphic message of congratulation on behalf of the burgesses of Windsor was sent to Sandringham by the mayor. The bells of St. George's Chapel and the parish church were rung, and churches all over the country followed suit.

ROYALTY SHOPPING.

Portuguese King and Queen Spend a
Busy Day in Town.

Both the King and Queen of Portugal spent yesterday morning shopping in London.

His Majesty, dressed in multi and attended by only one equerry, left Buckingham Palace shortly after nine o'clock. The Queen left soon afterwards, and both were visiting various establishments until lunch-time, when they met again at the Portuguese Legation.

After lunch their Majesties repaired to the reception-room, where a number of Portuguese ladies and gentlemen living in London were presented.

Deputations from various bodies were then admitted. Addresses were presented by the Portuguese Navy League, English holders of Portuguese Orders, the Society of the Spanish and Portuguese Jews in London, the Numismatic Society, and the British and Foreign Bible Society.

Numerous corporations and associations throughout Portugal sent congratulations to the Marquis de Soveral, yesterday, on the affable reception accorded the King and Queen in England. A great reception will be given their Majesties on their return to Lisbon.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Owing to the great demand for advertisement space in the "Daily Mirror," we regret we are compelled to hold over several advertisements from to-day's issue. These will appear as soon as possible.

LONDON AND PARIS SUSPENSION.

Meeting of Stock Exchange Creditors.

STATEMENT ISSUED.

The temporary closing of the London and Paris Exchange, Limited, outside stockbrokers and finance agents, of Basildon House, Moorgate-street, E.C., was again the all-absorbing topic of discussion in the City yesterday.

At 11.30 yesterday morning a meeting of Stock Exchange creditors was held in Lincoln's Inn Rooms, Great Eastern Hotel, and about thirty persons were present.

Mr. Moreton Mandeville, the managing director of the London and Paris Exchange, explained the methods by which he hoped to tide over the present crisis in the company's affairs, and a committee of five Stock Exchange members was appointed to consider his proposals in consultation with the debenture holders and others interested financially in the business.

In an interview with the *Daily Mirror* at the close of the meeting Mr. Mandeville said: "Our liabilities are roughly about £225,000, but we do not want as much as that. I require about £80,000 to tide over the crisis. We have had an offer of £600,000, and if we can raise another £200,000 we shall open our offices again for business on Monday morning."

"The Stock Exchange creditors, who represent about £25,000 of the liabilities, have met us in the kindest manner possible, and the outlook is very hopeful."

Another Meeting To-day.

Last night Mr. Moreton Mandeville handed to Press representatives the following statement:—

The committee formed by members of the Stock Exchange interested in the matter met to-day and arrived at a decision favourable to a continuance of the business, being satisfied by the proposals laid before them. A meeting will be held to-morrow, at which the report of the committee will be presented, and there is now every prospect of a satisfactory termination of the difficulties.

From an early hour in the morning large crowds gathered around Basildon House, and amidst themselves by peeping into the basement, where the business of the company is usually conducted.

It was noticed that most of the desk-seats were empty, and only about a dozen clerks of the £500,000 employed were on duty. In the dinner-hour the crowds became so dense that the services of the police became necessary to keep an opening for the traffic at the side of Basildon House, in King's Arms-yard.

Creditors from the Country.

Three stalwart commissioners were kept busy outside the office in the basement answering the inquiries of the creditors and others who came down the staircase in one continuous stream.

All comers were stopped by the ex-soldiers, and no one was allowed to enter the offices. "No business to-day; nobody here," was their one reply to all queries.

One man said: "I have lost £200 in this business, and must see to-morrow." But he feared the fate of his predecessors, and got the same answer. An order was received by the commissioners that none of the clerks were to leave the office without special permission.

Numbers of visitors, evidently from the country, came at intervals during the day, and seemed more anxious than their London co-sufferers.

VICTIMS OF COLLISION.

Seven Sailors Supposed To Have Been Drowned in the Mersey.

A disastrous collision occurred in the Mersey early yesterday morning between the coasting steamer *Blanche*, of Liverpool, and the London hopper, No. 66.

The crew of the *Blanche* took to the two boats, but only one reached the shore.

This contained seven men, Engineer J. Jones, of Toxteth, Liverpool, and Seaman Robert Harrison, of Runcorn, and the bodies of two others of the crew, who had died from exposure.

So far as can be ascertained Jones and Harrison were the survivors of the *Blanche*. The missing include Captain J. de Shoenbourg, Engineer Renny, of Liverpool, and the bodies of three workmen's cottages. The *Blanche* sank on Taylor's Bank, while the hopper was so damaged that she was beached on New Brighton shore.

JUDGE APPEARING AS DEFENDANT.

Sir William Grantham has intimated that he will defend in person the case which is to be brought against him by the Chislebury Rural Council for alleged non-compliance with that body's building by-laws in connection with his workmen's cottages.

The hearing will take place at Lewes Petty Sessions in about a fortnight's time.

GAGGED COLONEL CASE.

Police Can Find No Trace of the Culprits.

"The suggestion," declared Colonel Stockall yesterday, referring to a rumour which had somehow been circulated, "that the burglary was a 'put up' job, and no burglary at all, is absurd. I have instructed my solicitors to take immediate action should any such suggestion be definitely made."

"The police," he continued, "know very well that everything I have stated is absolutely true." Concerning the incident of the padlock and the re-examination of the ten constables, Colonel Stockall expressed himself as perfectly willing that the authorities should hear his side of the story also.

A prominent detective visited Messrs. Stockall's yesterday, inspected the door and padlock, and was shown the method of fastening.

The police, in spite of the scantiness of evidence to work upon, are making every effort to secure the thieves.

But so slight are the evidences of the crime that it is extremely doubtful, in the opinion of many detectives, whether an arrest will be made. The thieves had forty hours' start, and during this time they would not only be able to get clear away from London, but to cover all traces of their movements.

About five o'clock last night two constables in the King's Cross district arrested two men on suspicion of having been concerned in the robbery. Colonel Stockall was sent for, but failed to identify the men, who were liberated.

FARCICAL MANŒUVRES.

Unreal War Tactics and Faulty Smokeless Powder.

Sir John French has sent to the War Office his report on the autumn military manœuvres in Essex.

He has nothing but commendation for the conduct of the men, but expresses his disappointment as to the limitations set upon the "Blue" Army both in the matter of a landing-place and the large area of forbidden ground.

Enthusiastic praise is awarded to fifty cyclist scouts, who were trained by Lieut.-Col. D. Henderson, D.A.O.M.G. General French regrets that one of the great obstacles in the way of this service is the fact that men are unwilling to take their bicycles on manœuvres, as the Government allowance is inadequate to meet wear and tear.

The smokeless powder for the artillery was faulty, for it belied its name by producing smoke, and sometimes ignited without exploding.

The report contains a recommendation that a considerable increase be made in the number of cable wagons, in view of the important part now played by telegraphic and telephonic communication in warfare.

STREET DIETETICS.

Medical Praise of the "Hot Potato" and "Roast Chestnut" Cans.

The chestnut is more nutritious than the potato, and is the most digestible of nuts. It is a pity that it is not appreciated in this country as it is in France, where the peasantry find it a very sustaining and agreeable food.

For once the "Lancet," that has condemned so many popular foods, is in the mood for praise. This week it highly commends the hot potato and chestnut cans.

In what club, restaurant, hotel, or home can be found potatoes so admirably cooked as those in the street potato-can, asks the medical paper, or what chestnut is more apprisingly cooked than that which is grilled *à la fresco* on the hot tray?

The potato and the chestnut have been picked out as practically the only foods offered for sale in this way, and this choice is based on sound dietetics. Cooked in this manner they are two most nutritious foods.

FARTHING FOR A COUNCILLOR.

One farthing damages, though not much enriching him, will probably afford Councillor Philip H. Iford some moral satisfaction in winning his libel action against Mr. Gilderson and the "Ilford Recorder."

When the case was called yesterday before Mr. Justice Lawrence the jury said they had heard enough of it, and awarded Mr. Philpot the minimum solatium.

The judge ordered both sides to bear their own costs.

MAN NOT KNOWN BY HIS CARD.

"He was introduced to me by a customer as 'My friend, the Count,'" said a haberdasher at the Guildhall yesterday, alluding to Hugo Meyer, whom he charged with stealing his field-glasses.

The card presented by the bogus count bore the inscription:—"Compte A. de Shoenbourg. Capitaine 3. à la suite de la Garde."

He has now gone to Pentonville as "Hugo Meyer, rogue and vagabond."

HEIR TO PEERAGE MARRIED.

Beautiful Bride with No Jewellery and a Solitary Bridesmaid.

Yet another future peer joined the ranks of Benedicts yesterday when Lord Ennismore, only son of Lord and Lady Listowel, was married to Miss Freda Johnstone, daughter of Captain Francis Johnstone, and grand-daughter of Lord Derwent.

One unique feature of this ceremony, which took place at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, was the fact that, instead of the long train of bridesmaids which has been fashionable at all weddings lately, there was only one little bridesmaid, the daughter of Lady Margaret Loder, dressed in white satin, and two pages, also in white satin.

The bride, who is tall and dark, with masses of wavy hair, wore a delicate wedding robe of chiffon, with old Brussels lace. She received a great many beautiful bits of jewellery as gifts, including two diamond pendants and an exquisite diamond necklace, but wore no jewellery.

Many notable and interesting people were present, and the happy pair had a most inspiring send-off when they started on their honeymoon.

"IF I WERE A PUBLICAN."

Mr. W. T. Stead on What He Would Do for His Customers.

"Here am I: send me," issued to-day, is Mr. Stead's first Christmas story. It is an attempt to describe the way in which, if a public-house were to be run as the public-house of the community, by a public-spirited publican intent on the welfare of his customers, it would evolve a variety of institutions of social service closely resembling the sacraments and services of a thoroughly active Christian Church.

His hero, Paul the Publican, among other things, runs a music-hall, conducts a theatre, edits a newspaper, and manages a matrimonial bureau. He also revises the Communion Service, with additions for the punishment of sweaters.

The second part of the story deals with the white slave trade, and is seriously inspired by Mr. Stead's own experiences, which landed him in gaol, nineteen years ago.

STARVED TO DEATH.

Man and Wife Try to Live on Sixpence a Day.

It was a terrible thing, said the Westminster coroner yesterday, that a man could die of sheer starvation in London.

Mr. Tronbeck was holding an inquest on the body of a painter, found dead in bed in a room in Lambeth-road on Monday.

The widow said her husband had been out of work for a month, and had no prospect of employment until March. She tried to get work, but they had only about 4d. or 6d. a day to live upon, which she managed to get. They had no fire, and even the bedclothes had been pawned.

On Sunday deceased's food consisted of a half-pennyworth of milk with a little piece of bread in it. On Saturday he had a piece of dry toast. Witness herself had nothing to eat on Sunday. She had been offered an order for the workhouse, but refused it.

"What we had not got," she added plaintively, "we used to go without, and what we had we divided between us."

Dr. Freyberger said the man was suffering from chronic consumption. He must have been starving for a long time. The immediate cause of death was exhaustion accelerated by starvation.

Death from starvation was the jury's verdict.

LADY DILKE'S WILL.

South Kensington Museum to Gain Some New Treasures.

The will of the wife of Sir Charles Dilke has been proved, the gross estate being sworn at £28,955, with a net personalty of £28,155.

Lady Dilke gave her husband a life interest in her property at Pyrford, and she bequeathed her bus, jewellery, lace, furs, and articles of personal use or ornament to her executors. They, acting upon her wishes, have handed them over to Sir Charles Dilke to keep or dispose of according to his judgment, with the limitation that certain books to be selected by him should be bequeathed by him to the South Kensington Museum. Sir Charles, it is said, proposes in his lifetime to hand over to the Museum certain rare jewellery. Lady Dilke's books on art subjects, and her other rare books, will under this arrangement subsequently come to the Museum.

Cold December has come in, The poor man's back is clothed thin; The trees are bare, the birds are mute; A pot and toast would very well suit.

With these quaint lines the Colchester town-crier early yesterday morning "ushered in winter."

MR. ADOLF BECK

is writing a realistic story
of Convict Life—in which
he is being assisted by the
Authors of "Convict 99."

"CONVICT 413 L,"

as this remarkable story
will be called, begins on
Sunday week exclusively
in the

WEEKLY DISPATCH

£20,000 SLEEVE-LINKS.

Lord Anglesey's Splendid Trinkets Go for £1,320.

£1,800 FOR SCARF-PINS.

There was much excitement and keen bidding at Christie's rooms yesterday, when the two days' sale of a portion of the Marquis of Anglesey's jewels was concluded.

The loss sold yesterday realised £13,456, making a total of £31,357 for the 202 lots disposed of during the two days.

Large as this sum is there is little doubt that the Marquis paid a very much larger amount for the collection. It is reported that for four large pearls, mounted as sleeve-links, which were sold yesterday for £1,320, he originally gave £20,000.

No fewer than fifty-one scarf-pins were sold yesterday, the most valuable realising £230. In all the fifty-one pins produced £1,800.

Six large brilliants, set as buttons, realised £890. Two watch-chains, elaborately set with precious stones, more valuable than tasteful, made £245 and £330 respectively, and £255 was given for a pair of emerald and diamond sleeve-links.

The more important lots were reserved until the end of the sale, when two fine bouton pearls, mounted as a scarf-pin, fetched £420; another pin, consisting of a pair of drop-shaped pearls, fetched £400. Lot 302, the last of the day, attracted the greatest attention, consisting of a remarkable pair of cabochon sapphires of unusual size set as sleeve-links. A price in proportion to their size was anticipated, but £1,350 was the highest offer that could be obtained.

"DEATH TO GREEK."

Regius Professor and Cambridge's Drastic Proposals.

Not since the question whether women should be admitted to degrees at Cambridge has there been such an important discussion as was opened yesterday in the Senate House.

Reformers, partial reformers, and those who are opposed to any alteration in the study of Greek met in large numbers to discuss the first report of the Studies and Examinations Syndicate on the subject.

Sir Richard Jebb, Regius Professor of Greek, one of the dissentient members of the syndicate, spoke of the proposal to abolish compulsory Greek as sweeping and drastic.

He referred to the instructive paper of the Master of Emmanuel, in which it was pointed out that, of eighty-six headmasters belonging to the Headmasters' Conference who had sent replies, fifty-six held the opinion that the exemption of all candidates would destroy the study of Greek, and would mean the extinction of all classical education in the lower schools.

One headmaster declared it would be "death to Greek."

A vote will not be taken till next term.

MANSLAUGHTER AT ACCRINGTON.

Further investigation by the coroner's jury at Accrington yesterday resulted in a verdict of Manslaughter against Maria Whittaker, married woman, in connection with the death of George Cressey, a fish dealer.

The woman first stated that Cressey fell from a ladder on to a knife which she was holding, but at the inquest Dr. Geddie, police surgeon, advanced the theory that deceased had been stabbed twice, the second wound traversing the first, but going much deeper.

SWISS ROMANCE.

Mysterious Story of a Secluded Villa.

LADY AND DETECTIVES.

A divorce drama that laid its scenes in South Africa, in England, and then in Switzerland; that introduced alleged love episodes on verandahs and in a rustic summer-house; that hinted at an elopement and a secret journey and pursuit; that suggested a hair-breadth escape from the upper window of a remote Swiss villa was unfolded before Sir Francis Jeune yesterday.

The story began in South Africa, at East London. Here, in 1889, Mr. Richard Walter Wright, a well-known and well-to-do railway engineer, married a young lady to whom he had proposed by letter from Switzerland directly he heard she had broken off her engagement with a Mr. Woodfield.

But, in spite of Mr. Wright's passionate affection for his wife—according to Mr. Lawson Walton—his marriage was not a happy one. Soon after the wedding Mrs. Wright said to him, "I only married you out of pique. I wanted to show Mr. Woodfield that I could marry."

Mr. Wright had to be a great deal away from home—which he moved in succession from East London to Johannesburg and Pretoria—and he was informed by his servants that Mrs. Wright during one of his absences, had been very friendly with a Mr. Bischoff, who had been asked to protect the house at nights.

There was a matrimonial suit in a South African court as a result of this, which ended in Mr. Wright being judicially separated from his wife, and allowing her £400 a year.

Lovemaking in Broken English.

Mrs. Wright came to England, and stayed at Hastings, whence she went to Lausanne, and, with her mother, put up at an "hotel pension."

At this point Mr. Lawson Walton's narrative became very romantic. He pictured, and, finally, with secluded rents, a cosy, retired summer-house, a young Italian student who spoke broken English and whispered love into Mrs. Wright's ear.

More romantic still was Mr. Walton's description of a hurried flitting from hotel to hotel, in which the young Italian Pico took part with Mrs. Wright and Mrs. Wright's mother, a very old lady.

The lovers were trying to disappear from the world of those who knew them, according to Mr. Walter, and hide all traces of their flight. Mr. Pico's name was not recorded in the hotel books.

But Mr. Walton tracked all three from Lausanne to Lucerne, and then to Lugano, and, finally, ran them to earth in a beautiful, remote country villa five miles from the latter place.

Here there was another vivid tableau vivant drawn by counsel. There enter people to serve Mrs. Wright with divorce papers. Mrs. Wright is in her bedroom. There is a noise inside the bedroom as if someone else is there. There is an open window in the bedroom leading to a verandah. There is a sheer drop from the verandah to the ground. Outside there is Mr. Pico, saying that he is cleaning his bicycle.

Slater's Detectives.

Mr. Rawlinson's cross-examination of Mr. Wright was hardly so romantic. The learned counsel put the following suggestions to the husband—

That he had employed "Slater's" as detectives and a solicitor named Osborn.

That "Slater's" had employed a lady detective named Gavin, who made friends with Mrs. Wright at Hastings, and went with her to Lausanne as a friend.

That this then lady detective asked Mrs. Wright to have a Frenchman named Jaspé to dinner with her, and tried to persuade her to travel to Paris in this man's company.

That the lady detective constantly offered spirits to Mrs. Wright.

That the lady detective had said, "If Mrs. Wright goes away by the train to Geneva, I will see her." Mr. Wright replied that he had been in South Africa, and was not aware of what his agents were doing.

In conclusion Mr. Rawlinson demanded that Mr. Wright should to-morrow produce the bank-book which would show what moneys had been paid to "Slater's" and "Osborn."

The case was adjourned.

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CARLTON HOTEL TRAGEDY.

How Mr. Chapman Made a Vault to Death.

In striking contrast to the palatial splendour of the Carlton Hotel in Pall Mall is the austere simplicity of the Westminster Coroner's Court in Horseferry-road, a grimy and unfashionable thoroughfare.

It was here yesterday that the story of the sensational suicide, which sent a thrill of horror through the Carlton on Monday night, was formally given in evidence. Since the tragedy the body of the victim, Mr. Elverton Chapman, had lain in the adjacent mortuary.

Son of a millionaire stockbroker in New York, Mr. Chapman, a young man with abundant resources at his command, spent much of his time in Europe. For three weeks a Mr. Ambrose Cook, of Croydon, had been with him in Paris, and on Sunday last the two crossed the Channel together. In France the young American had behaved eccentrically, and Mr. Cook had formed the opinion that he was a hypochondriac.

Required Watching.

When Mr. Cook visited his friend at the Carlton on Monday he found him worrying over imaginary cares, and took the view that he required constant watching. The manager at once sent up a man to the room.

While Alfred Stickley, the male nurse, was with his charge in the evening Mr. Chapman suddenly jumped out of bed and shouting "Let me go," wrenched himself free from the attendant's grasp and rushed out into the corridor.

At full speed he ran for twelve yards, with Stickley closely following. "I couldn't reach him," the nurse said, "and, after turning the angle, he went up to the rails of the grand staircase and leaped over."

The Coroner? How?

The Witness: He put his hand on the rail and vaulted over.

The rails are four feet high, and the distance to the floor below is nearly seventy feet. Death was instantaneous. The jury returned a verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity.

KILLED BY ANGLOPHOBIA.

How an Englishman Lost Money Over His Continental Ventures.

Mr. Evan Cameron, club proprietor, who appeared in the Bankruptcy Court yesterday, told a story of unsuccessful ventures in Belgium, at Monte Carlo, and other fashionable Continental resorts.

He went to the Ardennes and obtained a concession from the proprietor of the Casino to make a golf course, with option to run races, with gambling to be run at his club-house in the event of its being stopped at the Casino. Owing to the bad feeling then existing against the English in Belgium, the scheme failed, and he lost £2,000.

He was also engaged in running a gambling system at Monte Carlo. In December, 1903, he took over the Villa Martine, Mentone, which he intended opening as a social club, but this was killed by paragraphs in "Truth."

Resolutions were passed for winding up the estate in bankruptcy.

HUMANE USES OF OPIUM.

Quantity That May Be Given to a Patient with Safety.

Opium pills played an important part at an inquest yesterday, in the City Coroner's Court, concerning the death of Daniel Richardson, thirty-eight, of Leather-lane, Holborn.

The question was whether the deceased had been given an overdose of opium while being treated for appendicitis.

Dr. Tom Robinson, of Cavendish-square, said he suggested a one-grain pill every four hours.

Two grains of opium was the maximum dose in the British Pharmacopoeia.

Dr. James Kearney said he knew of a man who attempted suicide by taking forty grains of opium and was still alive; and the coroner reminded the jury that Dr. Quincey took nine ounces of opium daily.

The jury found that the opium was not a contributory cause of death.

LADY VIOLET'S APPEAL.

Lady Violet Watt's appeal for a new trial of the libel action in which Mrs. Hugh Watt obtained damages against her, was again before the House of Lords yesterday. After hearing counsel's arguments their lordships reserved judgment.

Lady Violet is a daughter of the late Earl of Roden, and formerly the wife of Sir Reginald Beauchamp, who divorced her. She is now the wife of Mr. Hugh Watt, who for some time sat in the House of Commons as member for one of the divisions of Glasgow.

A boy of fourteen told the Marylebone magistrate yesterday that he could not help stealing—it was an irresistible impulse.

MR. HOOLEY ANGRY.

Petulant Protest Against the Length of the Trial.

A strong protest was made by Hooley at the Old Bailey yesterday against the protracted nature of the proceedings in the charge of conspiracy against him.

At the conclusion of the eighth day of the trial the Solicitor-General asked whether Mr. Justice A. T. Lawrence would sit on Saturday. The Judge said he did not think he would.

Speaking with considerable warmth, Hooley exclaimed: "Don't you think I've been in the dock long enough? I've had twenty-four days in the dock. I've had six months of this, and I can't go on with it. I'm a ruined man!"

The Judge: It won't make it any shorter if we sit on Saturday.

Hooley: I thought we might finish.

The Solicitor-General: It will be impossible to finish on Saturday.

The jury intimated that they would prefer to sit on Saturday, and the Judge said he would do so.

Earlier in the day Sir Kenneth Mackenzie had told of the famous dinner of the Construction Company, at which he delivered a speech prepared by Lawson. The latter was not present.

The Judge: Is there any explanation of it? It seems strange that you undertook such responsibility when the gentleman who supplied the facts was not present.

Sir Kenneth: I did not know that he was not going to be present.

"You seem to have been chairman without undertaking any of the duties," the Judge remarked shortly before the conclusion of this witness's evidence.

SUICIDE AS DEFENCE.

Murderer's Guilt Proved by His Own Family's Evidence.

The trial concluded at Winchester yesterday of John Tom Burnett, forty-nine, a Naval pensioner, for the murder of his wife, who was found hanged at her home at Portsmouth.

The defence raised was that it was a case of suicide.

Mr. Justice Wills, in summing up, admitted that the character of the woman made suicide not improbable, but asked whether the evidence supported the theory.

His lordship also spoke of the pathetic fact that the most condemning evidence against the prisoner had been given by members of his own family. The accused was found guilty, with a strong recommendation to mercy, and was sentenced to death.

CINDERELLA'S SLIPPER.

Present of £500 for the Girl Whose Foot It Fits.

Cinderella's lost slipper has been found, and will be exhibited to-morrow in over five hundred of the finest boot and shoe shops throughout the kingdom. Cinderella's glass slipper will be in each of these shops waiting for some fair Cinderella to try it on, and there's a prize of £500 for the Cinderella who fits on this fairy slipper.

This novel advertising scheme has been devised by the editor of "Golden Stories," the popular penny story-paper, and is the editor of that paper who is offering £500 to the Cinderella who fits on this golden glass slipper.

Over 650 shops bearing the names of such well-known firms as Abbott Bros. (London), Freeman, Hardy, and Willis; Tylers, Haylock, Frisby, etc., are collaborating with the editor of "Golden Stories" in exhibiting this slipper and allowing any would-be Cinderella to try it on at nothing. The slippers will be on exhibition right up to Christmas, and any lady who wishes to do so can try on the slipper up to that period.

This is a fairy slipper, but not impossible to get on. Many ladies are wearing slippers of the same size, so the editor has made a proviso that if more than one lady fits on the slipper the prize-money will be divided.

WRESTLING MATCH LOSSES.

The first meeting of creditors of Gorahed Hohannas Topakyan was held in the London Bankruptcy Court yesterday.

It appeared that the debtor's present position was due to loss sustained in connection with the organisation of the wrestling matches between Hackenschmidt and others at the Royal Albert Hall.

The liabilities were returned at £3,718, and assets £430.

DRESS NO SIGN OF MEANS.

"Dress is no evidence of means in these courts," said Judge Addison, at the Southwark County Court, yesterday, to a judgment creditor who pointed out the smart attire of his debtor.

"All Stock Exchange people are well dressed," continued his Honour, "but half of them, as we know, are doing nothing. No order."

THREE TIMES TRIED.

Another Attempt To Solve a Murder Mystery.

PRISONER'S YEAR OF SUSPENSE.

Joseph Fee, a butcher of Clones, was put upon his trial for the third time at Belfast yesterday, charged with the murder of John Flanagan, a young poultry dealer. At two previous trials the jury disagreed.

In this respect the experience of the Clones butcher recalls that of the Peasenhall carpenter, William Gardner, who was liberated after the second disagreement of the jury.

It is eleven months since Fee was arrested, and a year and seven months since Flanagan is alleged to have been murdered. It is estimated that the case has cost the Crown £4,600.

The story of the crime dates back to April 16, 1903, when young Flanagan left his home in Co. Monaghan for the market at Clones, having about £80 with him.

He was seen in the market, but never reached home again.

Nine months after, on January 16 this year, Albert McCoy, working for Joseph Fee, at Clones, discovered in his manure pit a man's body, much decomposed.

An inquiry resulted, and Joseph Fee was arrested.

Identified by His Sister.

At the inquest Miss Flanagan swore to the clothes on the body as her brother's. A leather purse in the pocket she declared she had herself stitched in two places.

Flanagan was last seen in Fee's company on the day of the disappearance.

On the knife found on the body there were a number of pigs' bristles, which strengthened the evidence against Fee, the butcher.

At previous trials there were rumours of intimidation, and the Judge appealed to the jury not to fear the consequences but to abide by the truth.

Should the jury disagree for the third time it is considered probable that Fee will be set at liberty. The hearing of the evidence was adjourned yesterday and will be resumed to-day.

ACTORS OFF THE STAGE.

Mr. Justice Grantham Welcomes Their Opinions on "Real Life."

A theatrical lawsuit over the much-debated point "How much notice is a man employed on a theatrical enterprise entitled to?" was decided in Mr. Justice Grantham's court yesterday.

Mr. George Sydenham, who is a touring company manager, claimed that he had been wrongfully deprived of his managementship of Mr. Tom Davis's touring company that played "The Medal and the Maid" recently.

Mr. Tom Davis, on the other hand, said the engagement was not for the whole tour, but terminable by a fortnight's notice.

Mr. Justice Grantham at the beginning of the case said that in a similar case recently all the theatrical celebrities, except Sir Henry Irving, had come to the court.

"I do not often see them on their own boards," his lordship added, "so I like to see them on mine. Their opinions on real life are better than anything on the stage." (Loud laughter.)

The jury awarded Mr. Sydenham £93 for the abrupt termination of the engagement.

CALCUTTA MARRIAGE DISSOLVED.

On the evidence of a lady detective, employed by the firm of Flowerdew, a decree nisi was yesterday obtained by Mr. Charles Robert Cadell, an Anglo-Indian, of Fox Hill Lodge, Upper Norwood, against his wife, Cicely Margaret Cadell, whom he married at Calcutta in 1886.

Miss Edith Warner, the lady detective, said she followed the respondent from a wedding to a flat in Victoria-street, where the co-respondent, Mr. Charles Baker, stayed with her several hours.

Dr. Albert Robin, the French scientist, recommends ballooning as a cure for consumption.

CLARK'S BLOOD MIXTURE

THE WORLD-FAMED
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is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities from whatever cause arising. In case of Eczema, Scrofula, Scurvy, Bad Legs, Blood Poison, Boils, Pimples, Rheumatism, Gout, and all Skin and Blood Diseases, its effects are marvellous. Thousands of testimonials of wonderful cures from all parts of the world.

Sold by Chemists everywhere, 2/6 per Bottle.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

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Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1904.

AN APPALLING CHARGE.

MR. BERNARD SHAW throws down in our columns this morning a striking challenge. He challenges all who talk sympathetically about the problems of poverty and starvation to prove that they are not mere empty windbags. He challenges politicians, philanthropists, ministers of religion, leaders of thought, directors of public charity. None of them, he says in effect, really care about the sufferings of the poor at all.

This is not an amusing paradox. It is not a heartless gibe. It is the considered belief of a man who has devoted a great part of his life to the endeavour to arouse public opinion and public sentiment. The nation, he is driven to admit, does not care. Men and women pass their lives in gnawing want and hopeless misery. Little children die by thousands. Nobody cares.

IF MR. SHAW BE RIGHT, THEN THERE IS NO HELL HEREAFTER. THIS IS HELL HERE, AND NOW.

IF MR. SHAW BE RIGHT, CHRISTIANITY IS A COMPLETE AND COLOSSAL FAILURE, A GIGANTIC SYSTEM OF DECEPTION AND FRAUD.

IF MR. SHAW BE RIGHT, ALL OUR "PROGRESS" ALL OUR "TRIUMPHS OF CIVILISATION" ARE NOTHING BUT A DELUSION AND A SNARE; CURSES INSTEAD OF BLESSINGS; DISASTERS THAT HAVE BROUGHT US TO THE PINNACLE OF ROTTENNESS AND DESPAIR.

But is Mr. Shaw right? That is for the minds and hearts of Britons to prove. For our part, we cannot, we will not admit the truth of his indictment. We are thoughtless, yes. We are lazy, yes. We would rather fling a little assistance here and there in cases that come under our own notice than bend our thoughts to real re-forming schemes.

But if ever the nation can be convinced, not only of the need for re-forming this England of ours, but of the wisdom of the changes that are urged, then we are as certain as we can be certain of anything that they will show Mr. Bernard Shaw's fatalism and mistrust to get baseless. It will be very difficult to get them convinced. Still, we must try. To-morrow we shall publish an article from the pen of Mr. Percy Alden, whose work among the poor gives him the right to speak with authority. His proposals will, at all events, provide a basis of discussion.

RUSSIA'S ALLY?

Have the international laws of war been repealed? Germany is openly supplying cruisers to the Russians. German transatlantic liners are sold to the Tsar's Government without any secrecy, and are sent out under the Muscovite flag.

We publish to-day a photograph of a German submarine lying on a wharf at Hamburg for shipment to the Russians in the East.

It is true that a British-built torpedo-boat was sent from the Thames to the Russians, but the affair was conducted surreptitiously.

Germany sends a submarine to the Russians with as much openness as if she were an ally of Russia fighting the Japanese.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The Moving Finger writes, and, having Writ,
Moves on, nor all that Piety or Wit
Can lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

—Omar Khayyam.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

LORD GREY, the new Governor-General of Canada, who sailed for the Dominion yesterday, will please the Canadians by his informality of manner. When he was Administrator of Rhodesia he used often to be seen, with shapeless hat and flannel trousers, drinking lemon-squashes at the Bulawayo Club. There is nothing of the potentate about him. Sometimes this refreshing lack of "side" has been resented. If you want to impress a certain class of

people, you must bully them, you must domineer. This Lord Grey has never been able to do.

Lady Grey will certainly play an important part in Canadian society, although she is not a very well-known figure in London. She has never occupied herself much with politics or with social movements of any kind. She holds what many think the old-fashioned belief that women should confine themselves to work at home

and for charity. She and her eldest daughter will set themselves to help the Governor-General in what by no means an unimportant sphere, and will let actual politics alone.

Lady Grey must not be confused, by-the-way, with the beautiful Lady de Grey, of social and musical fame. It is largely to the exertions of Lady de Grey that Londoners (those who can spare to pay for it) owe their opera in the summer. She is devoted to music, and may be seen, night after night, listening to her favourite singers with unflinching interest. She is a warm admirer and friend of Madame Melba, and hers is one of the few private houses at which Madame Melba will sing.

Lady de Grey also follows the French play season in London very attentively. She is an admirable French scholar, and is one of the few Englishwomen who are admitted to the exclusive and rigid circles of the French aristocracy. She spends a good deal of her time in Paris, where she knows the artistic as well as the fashionable people; she is an admirer, particularly of the sprightly Madame Réjane. Lord de Grey is one of the best shots in England, and has his wife's enthusiasm for music in almost equal degree.

Lord Dalmeny, who has just gone home to the house from which he takes his name to see if a Scotch winter be more endurable than an English one, is more devoted to sport than his brother, Mr. Neil Primrose. He is interested in politics, too, but in sport, and racing above all. He dislikes the catchwords of politics and public speaking. It is said that at Eton, when Lord Rosebery went down there to make a speech, Lord Dalmeny implored his father not to mention Waterloo and the playing-fields of Eton. "Why not?" because the fellows will think you such an awful ass if you do," said the anxious boy with commendable frankness.

Infant prodigies do not always turn out prodigies when they grow up. But Miss Maud MacCarthy, who is to be heard at the Queen's Hall concert to-morrow, is an exception. She was a child violinist, but has developed into an admirable player nevertheless. This good fortune is due to her mother, who did not allow her, when she was a child, to play too much in public. Still, even at school she was a fine enough player to be asked to perform before Queen Victoria at Osborne. She did so with immense success, and was rewarded with a beautiful pendant from the Queen's own hand.

Mr. Edgar Speyer, who has come so generously to the rescue of the sufferers from the penny bank failure, is one of the "tramway kings," as the Americans say, of London. He is a director of the subterranean and nocturnal "tube" railway, and reigns supreme over that latter-day inferno. But Mr. Speyer is not an American. He was born in Germany, and one of his family's banking houses—the oldest—is established at Frankfurt, where he occasionally goes to visit it.

If you are a successful actress in Paris you can save a lot of money. You earn it by your acting, and save it in your capacity as dressmaker's model. Mademoiselle Carlier, of the Odéon, for instance, has secured some exceedingly costly Russian sables free of charge from a furrier, for when the furrier demanded payment he was informed that his payment was the advertisement which Mademoiselle Carlier gave him by parading in his furs in public.

This the Law Courts have decided to be perfectly true. The furrier must have known that most French actresses get their clothes in this inexpensive manner. There is enormous competition amongst the fashionable dressmakers in Paris as to who shall supply Madame Sarah Bernhardt with her costumes for the annual *salon*, or Madame Réjane with her innumerable costumes at the Vaudeville. The actresses set the fashions and get their clothes for nothing. Those who follow the fashions they set are the ones who have to pay.

Mr. C. D. Harrod, the Harrod of Harrod's Stores, who has just been in the Law Courts with unfortunate results, has always been an exceedingly hard-working man. He has found his time fully occupied in building up his immensely successful business and dealing with the innumerable complications, like this action, which arise in connection with it. It is not surprising that Mr. Harrod should turn for rest, as he does, away from London. He lives, as much as he can, in his quiet little house on Exmoor, receives a few friends there, and outside his business does not, like his competitor, Mr. John Barker, devote his energy to political or any other ambition.

IN MY GARDEN THIS MORNING.

December 2.—The garden fuchsias may now be cut down. In cold districts they should be covered with a layer of coal ashes, which will protect them during the winter.

It is a pity so few grow these charming shrubs out of doors, as it is quite a mistake to think they are not hardy. They flower for years without attention. Place them near a wall facing south.

Virginia creepers may still be planted. Their beautiful colouring in the autumn, the ease with which they are cultivated, combined with the fact that they grow very quickly, have made them universal favourites. E. F. T.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY ACT OF CHARITY AND GRACE.



Queen Alexandra has asked for the names of sufferers by the Suffolk Penny Bank disaster who are in actual want, so that she may relieve their necessities at once.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

"The Founder of the London and Paris Exchange."

ALEXIS MORETON MANDEVILLE, who established and has all along directed the London and Paris Exchange, which has just suspended operations (temporarily, it is hoped), is a young man even for his years.

He is tall and dark-haired. His olive-face is clean shaven, and on finely oval lines. The profile is striking. His eyes are dark and deeply set. Like himself, his face is, on the whole, somewhat of an enigma, even to his intimate friends, at times seeming almost an expressionless mask, at times lit up by a sunny smile. But his most striking personal characteristic is his voice. Detesting noise and fuss of any kind, he himself invariably speaks in a quiet undertone.

Most men who make their mark in the world for good or ill have their hobbies. This man has few, and has them very mildly. They are horses and journalism. Up to last week he might have been met any morning in the Row between eight and nine o'clock, mounted on an Irish thoroughbred and exhibiting a good seat in the saddle. His carriage and pair of bays are well known in the City.

As to journalism, his ambitions took shape in that bright little weekly paper, "London Opinion," which bears his name.

His private life was, for a financier, extraordinarily quiet and retiring. He did not care for cards, horse-racing, nor any form of sport; but contented himself with giving little dinner-parties to his friends at his charming house in Kensington Gore, which is furnished with good sense and good taste, and without the least trace of ostentation.

This is high praise for a high-flying financier nowadays.

HOW TO LIVE LONG.

Secrets Told to the "Young Man" by Old Men.

Not too much of anything.—Sir Edward Fry.

Eat little, drink little, be as much in the open air as possible.—Lord Avebury.

Rise from every meal with an appetite. Walk daily two hours. Sleep nightly seven hours.—Frederic Harrison.

Keep up steadily and regular work and think as little as may be about the advance of years.—Justin McCarthy.

Eat as little as you can;
Idle as little as you can;
Take pleasure as little as you can;
Trouble as little as you can.
—George Jacob Holroyde.

Above all things a heavy mid-day meal and smoking on an empty stomach should be avoided, and no alcoholic drink should be indulged in until dinner.—Sir Algernon West.

A diet temperate and spare,
Freedom from base financial care,
Abundant work, a little leisure,
Pursuit of duty not of pleasure,
An even and contented mind
In charity with all mankind:
Some thoughts, too sacred for display
In the broad light of common day,
A peaceful home, a loving wife,
Children, who are a crown of life;
These may prolong the years of man
Beyond the Psalmist's narrow span.

—Dr. Haig Brown, Master of Charterhouse.

A TIGER FIGHT IN JAVA

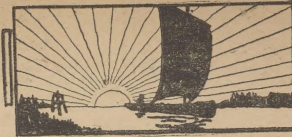


The Emperor of Surakarta indulges in an exciting form of "sport." A tiger is let loose in a square made by men armed with lances. When the beast tries to jump over the lances he is impaled and killed.—(Copyright, "Illustrated London News.")

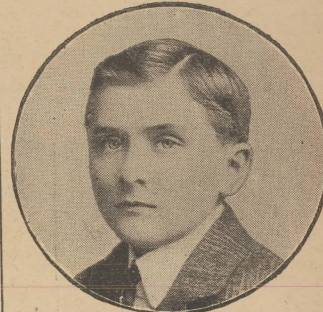
JAPS LAYING TELEPHONES OUTSIDE PORT ARTHUR.



The enterprising Japanese have a complete system of communication between the trenches.—("Collier's Weekly.")



AN INVALID PRINCE.



Prince Leopold of Battenberg, who is going abroad for his health.—(Hughes and Mullins.)

A TINY BICYCLIST.



Master Harry Harris, aged three years and three months, on one of the smallest bicycles in the world.—(Cribb.)

MR. J. L. CHEETHAM,



Liberal candidate for Stalybridge, the seat made vacant through the death of Viscount Ridley.—(Russell.)

MIRROR

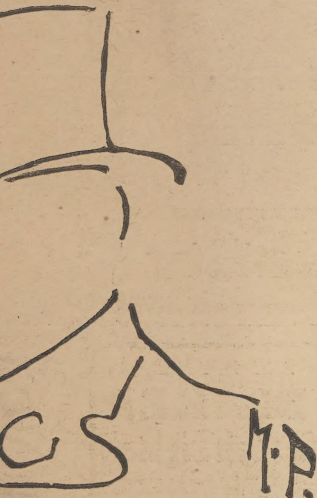
PORTRAIT OF

The war correspondent

A charming portrait
Lady An

CAMERAGRAPHS

ING, BY MELTON PRIOR.

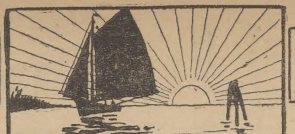


ny clever drawing with one or two strokes of less than a minute.

TESS ANNESLEY.



, of a very beautiful and charitable woman. ent motorist.—(H. Walter Barnett.)



REV. R. M. HUMPHREYS,



A famous Welsh poet, who died on Wednesday. He won the Crown Prize at this year's Eisteddfod.

GIRL HEROINE.



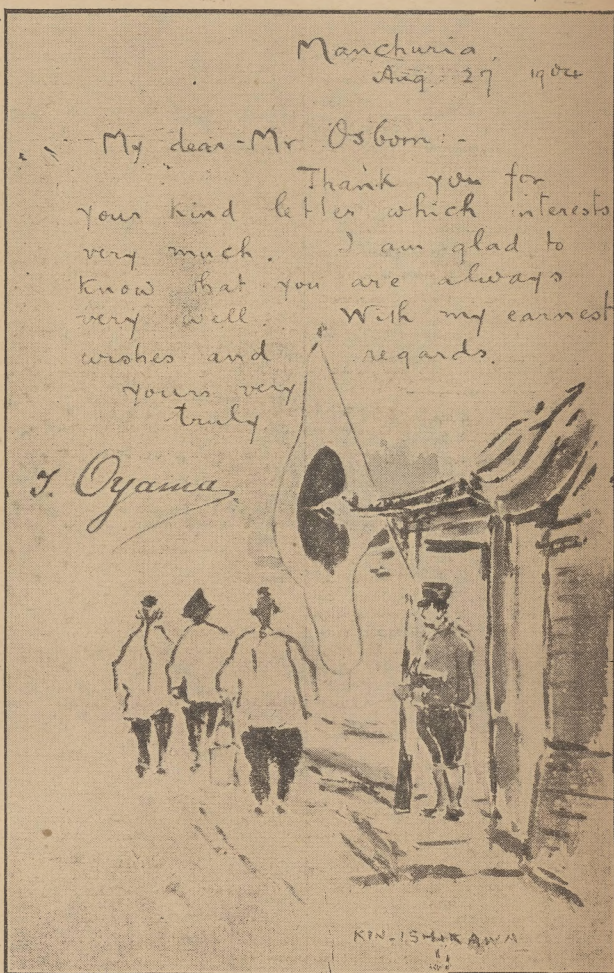
Katie M'Namee, of Liverpool, who made a brave but ineffective effort to save the life of her baby sister, whose clothes caught fire.

"SOCIETY" HOUSEMAID.



Miss Marian H. Wood, a rich Philadelphia girl, after being a telephone clerk, actress, and nurse, now wears a cap and apron. She thinks fashionable women should become housemaids. She works for \$4 a week.

A PICTURE & LETTER BY MARSHAL OYAMA



A letter from the Napoleon of the Japanese army, sent to his friend Mr. P. Osborn, of the Travellers' Club, London. The sketch made by the Marshal himself represents his headquarters in Manchuria.

LANDING A JAMAICA SHARK,



Caught in Port Royal Harbour with a bait of 10lb. of horseflesh, and shot when hooked. While being towed ashore it was bitten by another shark, the wound showing plainly in the picture.

THE JUDGES' SECRET.

By Andrew Loring, "Mr. Smith of England."

PERSONS OF THE STORY.

Sir ALANSON GASCOYNE, Judge of the High Court.

LADY GASCOYNE (Rosamond), his Wife.

RICHARD DEVERILL, in love with Lady Gascoyne. She has compromised herself by visiting his chambers, but this her husband is ill ignorant of.

Mrs. LA GRANGE, Lady Gascoyne's friend, a social butterfly, heavily in debt.

HAROLD SOMERTON, Mrs. La Grange's brother, a blackguard, who has been in prison, but has since made money. Knowing of the intrigue between Deverill and Lady Gascoyne, he blackmails Deverill into helping him to regain his position in society. Through Deverill he offers his sister, who for a long time has "cut" him, £2,000 to invite him to dinner.

GERTRUDE GASCOYNE, the Judge's sister, whom Somerton has set his heart on marrying.

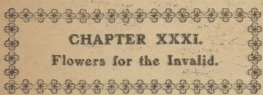
Mr. BRASSER, a millionaire, in love with Gertrude. He left London on an exploring expedition, and later his death was announced. His will included a legacy to Deverill.

Miss ELTON, daughter of an Armenian money-lender. On the death of her father she carries on the business, and secretly gives the profits to relieve her distressed countrymen.

SKERRETT, secretary to the late Mr. Brasser, now his executor.

JANE BROWN. In Mr. Brasser's early days, as a poor country boy, he saved her boy, but left her to come to London, where he made his immense fortune.

HUGH MORDAUNT, a client in Miss Elton's toils. Both Miss Elton and Gertrude Gascoyne are in love with him.



CHAPTER XXXI.

Flowers for the Invalid.

The impulsive resolution which had so promptly led Gertrude Gascoyne to undertake so daring a task deserted her for an instant. She feared to turn her eyes towards the man who sat huddled and limp by her side. She dreaded to see in his face the painful signs of his degradation. She spoke to him at first in a low, trembling voice, and then more sharply; but no answer came. At last she lifted her eyes to his face. She gave a little cry, and caught hold of his wrist. She dropped it, relieved. His pulse was beating lightly but regularly. He did not seem to have been injured by his fall, although his face was white as marble, though his eyes were closed, though she could not make him hear.

"Constance Aldridge!" She uttered the name aloud, as an idea came suddenly to her mind. She gave the coachman, through the speaking tube, an address in Mortimer-street. Then she moved over to the little seat in the front of the brougham and sat motionless, watching the white, unconscious face of the man.

"What has gone wrong with his life," she thought to herself, "that he should have come so suddenly to this? What has killed the ambitions that once he used to talk about so freely to me? Ah, those old days, how happy they were, how happy I was when I was by his side, walking through the glen at Compton Knolly, or riding with him across the hills. He was going to be something, to make something great of his life, and I—I—thrilled to his words, dreamed his dreams with him, and encouraged him in his hopes. And now it has all come to this. Hughie, Hughie, what has come over you—what has wrought this change?"

As the question burst from her heart she caught up the limp hand from his knee. Its coldness alarmed her. Again she felt his pulse. It was weaker. She began to be frightened.

But when at last the brougham stopped at the indicated number in Mortimer-street—her movements were as alert, as well ordered, as though she were a nurse arranging for some stranger. When the door was opened to her, and she was told that Constance Aldridge was at home, she burst in with a face which told the latter not to waste words in greeting.

"Quick, Connie," she cried, "in the brougham. He must be carried out."

Without confusion, without another word exchanged between the two, a man-servant, a strong nurse, and the coachman within a minute were stretching the helpless figure upon a hand litter, while Gertrude stood at the horse's head. Within five minutes the unconscious form of Hugh Mordaunt was lying on a bed in the private hospital and a doctor was bending over him.

Downstairs Gertrude remained with Constance Aldridge.

"Sit down, dear," said the latter. "We shall have news from the doctor in a minute. What is it? Who is he, and how came you, poor child, to bring him here?"

Constance Aldridge was probably the least matronly-looking matron that one could find even in this new era of nursing, when one no longer associates the word with stuffy old women. She had been the lifelong friend of Gertrude Gascoyne, and

though her people had position and money, yet from pure love of it she had taken up the hard life of a nurse. Her ardour and her abilities had brought their just reward, and though she was not yet thirty, she was now in control of one of the best appointed of the many private hospitals which London possesses. She wore the charming uniform of her profession, and her voice and manner of obligation, and the brilliant clearness of her complexion matched the whiteness of her wide collar.

"I saw him fall," said Gertrude. "You have heard me speak of him. It is Mr. Mordaunt."

"Oh," cried the matron, "I'm so sorry, dear—of course you are very anxious. I haven't seen you for such ages. Do you know, I rather expected you to tell me before this of your engagement."

Gertrude started and flushed crimson. "Oh, forgive me," cried the matron. "I thought, I believed—"

She stopped in embarrassment. She had inferred, as Gertrude had brought him there, that there was a special tie between these two, a tie which she had long ago known from Gertrude's confessions the latter longed for, hoped, and expected.

"It was just accident," faltered Gertrude. "I happened to be the one who was near and who knew him. Of course, I did all that I could for him—just the same as I would for anybody else. Her voice broke as she uttered these words, which were not perhaps strictly true; and the matron reproached herself for her awkward speech.

"I have not seen much of him for a long time," continued Gertrude, "and, Connie, I love him, love him just the same as I ever did—and he's upstairs dying."

She had made a desperate effort to carry off the situation, without exposing her secret, without breaking down, but she could not continue the pretence. She fell weeping into the arms of her sympathetic friend.

"Don't give up," whispered Miss Aldridge, as she smoothed her hair tenderly. "I don't think it's all as bad as you fear. The doctor will come the first minute that he can. He will bring cheering news, I am convinced of it. There, there, don't give way, dear. Was it an accident?"

"No," murmured Gertrude amid her tears, "a sudden attack. I saw him out of the window of the carriage, and suddenly he fell down. It gave me such a shock, Connie. I had just seen him for weeks and weeks. I am afraid he's not been—been very careful of himself. By the way—"

At that instant the door opened and the surgeon entered. Gertrude could not conceal her anxiety.

"Yes, yes," she said, stepping towards him, and stretching out an eager hand.

The doctor, a young man of thirty-two, brusque of manner, and without the slightest knowledge that language may be used to soften the hard facts of life, looked quickly from one face to the other.

"There is nothing serious the matter with him," he said.

"This is Miss Gascoyne, doctor," said the matron. "Dr. Mathew, Miss Gascoyne's sister, Miss Gascoyne is the sister of Sir Alanson Gascoyne."

He looked at her curiously as he bowed, then asked abruptly for an explanation as to how she had happened to bring the patient there.

"Oh," cried the alarmed girl, "he does not know, does he? You must not tell him."

"I'd like to speak to you a minute," said the doctor, turning abruptly to the matron. The two went into another room.

"This man," he said, "is neither more nor less than drunk."

"What a shame!" cried the indignant matron, remembering Gertrude's impassioned confidence.

"The doctor is of a very ungentle bent," she said; "it attacks him as it often does intellectual men goes to his brain, not to his stomach. It makes the beggar look like an angel, while he is in a state of alcoholic paralysis. He is going to have a lively week getting over it. He has been going the pace for some time, I think. I thought you'd better know. Tell us as much as you like, as you like. She seems only an incidental acquaintance after all. Rather amusing, isn't it. I dare say she fancies she's helped him in a tragic moment. It'll take the romance out of it if she knows what was really the matter."

Before she could reply he had bolted out of the room, into the street, leaving her rather puzzled.

The matron went slowly back into her sitting-room. What should she do? Her friend, her lifelong friend, had confessed that she had loved this man; loved him still, though she had not seen him for a long time, though evidently a gulf had come between them. Was it her duty now to tell her friend the truth? She could not make up her mind. No sooner, however, had she entered the room than Gertrude saved her the necessity of so doing.

"I think I can guess, Connie," said the latter in a low, hesitating voice, "what the surgeon has been telling you."

"You knew—and yet—you stopped your carriage."

"Don't talk about it, Connie," pleaded Gertrude; "I—I could not help it. He was not like that once, you know, and I do not forget the old days which have gone for ever."

Constance Aldridge, independent, self-supporting, never having known nor cared for love, had no sympathy with that kind of loyal tenderness which clings unflinchingly to an unworthy object.

"Gertrude Gascoyne," she cried, putting her

arm on the girl's shoulder, and turning her round to the light, "let me look at you—at you, the proud, the reserved girl, who at eighteen dreamed that you might some day go so far as to allow some beautiful Sir Galahad to kiss the tips of your disdainful fingers."

She stopped abruptly, as the tears came again into the limpid eyes which were mutely appealing to her for mercy.

"You poor child—why, let me look. You have been through the fires, Gertrude. You show it. Oh," she continued, indignantly, "that men like that should have the power to make us women suffer. Where is your pluck, Gertrude? Surely now that this has come you are going to tear this man's image from your heart?"

"I have been trying to do nothing else for months and months. Yes, you may abuse me as much as you like. I know I am very weak, but I can't help it, Connie."

"But after this?"

"Yes—this is the final disillusionment. You won't let him know, promise me that. I could not bear to think that he should realise that I have seen him in the moment of his worst degradation."

The matron was so indignant at hearing that his feelings were the reason for concealment that she could not trust herself to speak for some little time. She began to believe that those high-sounding words, "final disillusionment," did not mean so much after all.

"Connie," continued Gertrude, with a slight flush on her face, "I don't know—I'm not sure—but I think, I'm afraid—"

"My dear girl, what on earth are you trying to say? You know everything is safe with me."

"I was only wondering," said Gertrude, "whether Mr. Mordaunt will find it quite convenient—"

"Oh, I see"—with a sniff of angry disdain—"now you want to pay for the wench."

Then Gertrude went away secure in the loyalty of her friend, and glad that Hugh Mordaunt was in such good hands.

After some difficulty and a long drive, her coachman found the obscure corner of Stepney in which the Armenian family were lodging. Gertrude went into the house with gingerly steps, and was surprised to find Miriam Elton there. She had forgotten that she had given the latter the address.

The girl looked at her half resentfully, but only nodded a greeting as she continued to talk with these wretched people in the language of their country.

"All their money has been stolen," she said at length, in English. "It was taken from the man in the steamer coming back. They are penniless—that can be cured. But what am I to do for these poor wretches?"

"They must return to their own country, of course," answered Gertrude. "They're not hungry, I suppose?"

"No, your friend brought them food for to-day. They do not wish to go back to Armenia—anything, anywhere, but that."

"Oh, indeed, I am sorry for them," said Gertrude as she looked with pity at the tiny infant waiting in its mother's arms, "but here is our object lesson, Miss Elton. Do you still say, when you see a family like this, who cannot speak our language, who cannot earn a living for a long time to come in our land, that we ought not to have an Anti-Alien Bill?"

The listener changed the subject by asking after Mr. Mordaunt.

"A slight stroke, or something like that; I'm not quite sure what, but not dangerous," answered Gertrude, as they drove away in the brougham.

"I took him to the private hospital in Mortimer-street."

That afternoon a large box of flowers arrived at the hospital for the underserving Mr. Hugh Mordaunt, and with it came a great bunch of Muscat grapes. He neither saw the one nor ate the other; and the heart of the matron was bitter against foolish Gertrude Gascoyne.

But it was not she who had sent them.

(To be continued.)



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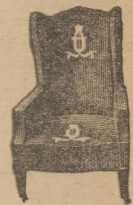
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THE PROBLEM OF THE POOR.

Is Anybody in England Really in Earnest About It?

ALL TALK AND NO DEEDS.

By G. BERNARD SHAW.

The *Daily Mirror* article headed "Natural Death" is a masterpiece of absurdity. One has hardly patience enough to laugh at it with such bitter laughter as the facts behind it provoke.

Here is a writer, sane enough to be allowed to write articles in a newspaper, a resident in London, with eyes in his head, and a professional habit of reading the newspapers. He jostles misery every day in the streets. He has squallor on the hugest scale constantly before his eyes and under his offended nose.

He has read over and over again of cases of death by starvation; and if he lives in one of those districts where outdoor relief is forbidden, he has no doubt congratulated himself again and again on the comparative lowness of his rates, and voted gratefully for the men who have kept them down for him and who are not intimidated by the fact that it is in these districts that death from starvation is most frequent.

WHAT GOOD WOULD A LEADER BE?

He has had thrust upon him, in season and out of season, statistics as to the frightful child mortality among the poor as compared with that in the rich quarters. The startling proportion of our people who die in the workhouse, the lunatic asylum, or the hospital (one in five, is it not?) has been drilled into his mind year after year.

He has, if he is a properly-equipped journalist, Mr. Charles Booth's volumes in London in his reference library; and if he has not, he can hardly have escaped all the reviews and quotations from that dismal census of social horror.

And now, because an exceptionally fortunate and hardy child has actually struggled on to his seventh year before succumbing to starvation, he begins to shriek hysterically, as if such a thing had never happened before. He wants a leader of men to come forward and champion the cause of the poor. If there be such a man, he says, in God's name let him come forward!

Will he now tell us what will happen to the man if he does come forward? How many votes will he get? What lack of men there has been to come forward, and, for their pains, to be denounced and ridiculed as cranks, like Henry George or, like General Booth, put off with money to take off the dangerous edge of poverty that might otherwise become insurgent.

PROFESSIONS AND PRACTICE.

Mr. Blatchford has been kind enough to mention my name in the matter. Well, my experience, such as it is, is instructive. I delivered a lecture yesterday in London on this very subject. I have hammered away at it on public platforms and even in the parks and street corners for the last twenty years. What is the result?

Look at our papers which profess to sympathise specially with poverty. Take the "Daily News." What does it say? It says that it hopes my "sparklets" will not be taken too seriously. Take the "Morning Leader." It announces that I delivered myself of "some amusing paradoxes." That means that you may devote all your energy, all your brains, all your wit, all your force and purpose for the better part of your life, and the result of doing away with poverty without attracting so much notice from the Press as the crudest protectionist or the most superstitious free trader; but that if you happen to throw off a successful comedy, the editors will send down their silliest young men to collect the "sparklets" of the new clown.

The methods of getting rid of poverty are as well known as the methods of getting rid of typhoid fever and small-pox. There is plenty of literature on the subject—plenty of treatises, economic, legal, philosophic, poetic, and popular; plenty of experience, municipal, fiscal, and historical, open to anyone who really wants to find out.

POVERTY A CRIME.

But most people, including the poor themselves, do not want to find out, and those who do generally turn away sorrowing (more or less) when they discover that the way is not a safe, sympathetic, philanthropic, almsgiving, salvation earning, love-whipping way, but a ruthless extirpation of poverty by organised force, exactly as we extirpate any other sort of crime.

Unfortunately this is not the most difficult part of the business. If it were merely a matter of coercing or killing the people whose interests are bound up with the present system that would be a very light matter. The really arduous part is that economic reconstruction of our industrial system without which mere fighting would be an aimless riot.

It would require statesmanship in our rulers and character in our people—especially character in our people; for it is forthcoming there will be no difficulty about the statesmanship. But our system destroys the character of the people, and so we go on helplessly in a vicious circle, made cowardly and

narrow-minded by poverty, and kept poor by our cowardice and narrow-mindedness.

I have no time to indulge in further generalities. I can only say again that if anyone really wants to know what is to be done there is nothing to prevent him from finding out. The subject has been threshed out again and again, and discussion of it has ceased to interest me.

Until we are prepared to act instead of talking and writing—and there is not the least sign of any such preparation—I shall not pretend to believe that a great crisis has been created by the sudden emotion of a journalist over a state of things that has been staring him in the face ever since he had a face to stare at.

G. BERNARD SHAW.

THE OLD QUERY.

I wonder if Mr. Blatchford will kindly explain how long things will remain equal after he has done his equalising out of lands and money.

While the grasping and the glib remain philanthropy is a better protector than an impossible equality.

Whitehall-court, S.W.

"BY" OR "FOR."

Mr. Robert Blatchford says "the contempt of the rich" is "the common fate of millions!"

What does he mean—the contempt of the rich for the poor, or the contempt of the rich entertained by the poor? That there is quite as much of the latter as of the former is my firm conviction.

NEITHER RICH NOR POOR.

ISOLATED CHARITY USELESS.

Can starvation be stopped? Of course it can. What is wanted is justice and fair play. Isolated efforts are futile—it's a big national responsibility, and demands the combined effort of the nation. You won't stop starvation by tinkering. We want justice, not charity.

Plaistow.

FREE SOUP AT LEEDS.

Why should London be behind Leeds in this matter of feeding the children of the poor? Here, our municipal authorities have opened free soup depots, and the town is helping to contribute to the feeding of thousands of poor children daily. Do not let the Salvation Army be your only resource in this absolutely vital moment.

ARTHUR HOULDSWORTH.

WHY DO THEY DRINK?

Mr. Albert Richards is a type of Pharisee of which we are tired. Possibly if he ever has to live with his whole family in two rooms, and that without "food or fire," as he says, for them or himself, he may be thankful to drown his own misery in drink!

Meanwhile, while he assures us that "drink causes poverty and crime," let him think back a little further and discover that bad housing and underfeeding caused the "drink!"

Leicester.

EDITH WARNER.

"UNEMPLOYED FOR MONTHS."

I see Cambervell has made provision for the employment of 750 extra men, and that only a few have availed themselves of the opportunities for work.

There are plenty of the unemployed in this district who would only be too glad to get the offer. I am prepared to supply men who have been unemployed for months and are practically starving.

M. W. FINN.

Eagle-place, Swanscombe, Northfleet, Kent.

A POEM YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

The Lake Isle of Innisfree.

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always, night and day,
I hear water, lapping with low sounds on the shore;
While I stand on the roadway or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

—W. B. YEATS.

THE TICHBORNE CASE.

Your correspondents' letters on the Tichborne case and its resemblance to the Beck case revive long-ago memories in my mind. Is there any good history of the Tichborne impostor's life? I remember being deeply interested by it at the date of the trial.

AN OLD BARRISTER.

Leatherhead, Surrey.

I have never been able to see any doubt about the Claimant's vulgar fraud. He was surely a very ordinary impostor. Why it took several months to try him I could never understand. It is the longest trial on record in England, but the facts seem clear enough.

EDWARD BLIGH.

Westminster.

THE FUTURE EMPIRE OF THE WORLD.

Is It To Be Anglo-Saxon or Russian?
An American Author's Plea.

SLAV OR SAXON. By W. D. Foulke. Putnam.

A book of particular interest at the present time. The author holds that the great struggle of the future is to be between the Anglo-Saxons and the Slavs—that is, between the English-speaking nations and Russia.

England and Russia are the two great colonising countries, and they are bound to come into conflict sooner or later. Russia is continually expanding her dominions in Asia—the present war with Japan was caused by her endeavours to obtain possession of Manchuria and Korea; and those endeavours are but the preliminary steps to the Russification of China. Listen to this quotation from the "Sviet," a Russian newspaper:—

"The East, with all its countries, as China, Belochistan, and even India, is by the will of Providence destined for the Russian people."

If the Russians ever secure China, says Mr. Foulke, they will go on to India. Russia will become the mistress of Asia, and then Asia will begin the conquest of Europe. "There is absolutely no possibility of resisting Russian aggression," says Mr. Foulke, "unless the work is commenced at an early day," and he urges the United States to be ready to commence it with Great Britain whenever the time comes.

What would be the result if Russia became the paramount power of the world? The answer is: Look at the methods Russia employs to govern those who have the misfortune to be her subjects now.

The Russians themselves are liable to exile to Siberia, sometimes on mere suspicion and without a trial, and to have their houses invaded by the police and their property searched without a reason given. The unfortunate nations Russia has conquered are in a far worse position. The Poles are not allowed to teach their own language in their own schools; in Armenia the national church has been abolished, whilst the Jews are treated worse in Russia to-day than they were in Western Europe in the Middle Ages.

In short, the Russian system of government is barbarous. It would be a fearful blow to the progress of civilisation if in the great struggle that is to come the Slav should overcome the Saxon.

STOCK EXCHANGE MORALITY.

Financiers' Shady Ways Denounced by Italy's First Playwright.

The leading Italian dramatist, Signor Giacosa, makes a tremendous attack upon Stock Exchange morality in his new play just produced at Turin.

His chief character is one Silvio Nalli, an artist, whose father is a very prominent financier. The latter, although utterly unscrupulous in business, is devoted to his family. His son is very fond of him and believes him to be an entirely honest man.

But one day he comes across a young fellow whose father has been ruined by the elder Nalli's crooked dealings. They quarrel, and the ruined man's son cries out that Silvio is the son of a thief. "Good God! explain yourself," cries the artist. "It is common knowledge," retorts the other.

Then there are blows and a challenge to a duel. Silvio's father, however, has no intention of allowing his son to die in his defence. He sets on a dissolute nephew of his to insult Silvio's adversary and so take Silvio's place. But it is too late to make Silvio believe that there is nothing in the story he has heard. He has made inquiries and found it to be only too true.

He makes up his mind quickly. He will have no more of his father's money. He will live on what he can earn by painting. Old Nalli cannot understand his son's point of view. "Is not business, business?" he asks plaintively. However, he does respect and continue to love him.

Not Silvio's wife. She tells her husband he is a madman. What! give up a life of luxury for existence on a small income. Never. Rather than that, she will throw in her lot with his dissolute cousin, now come safely out of his duel, which she absolutely does.

It is not a cheerful play, but it has made a great impression in Italy.

A FLOURISHING NEW EDITION.

"The Orchid" is flowering more luxuriantly than ever at the Gaiety Theatre. It has just put forth some new and very attractive shoots, including a song for Miss Gertie Millar, with a chorus of little chimney-sweeps.

The piece has been changed so much since its production that it is really another play altogether. There seems no reason why Mr. Edwards should ever take it off, if he gives us a new edition about every three months. He has never had a cleverer company or a greater success.

Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C., won a number of cigars by his excellent shooting at a bazzar rifle range. The cigars may be described as Mr. Marshall Hall's marital haul.—"Evening News."

SCIENCE has proved that External Treatment cannot possibly cure

BUT SCIENCE has also proved that this Internal Treatment cannot fail to Cure.

FALLING OUT AND Prematurely Grey HAIR IS ALWAYS ABSOLUTELY CURED by taking CAPSULOIDS

Because Capsuloids is the only Medicine which enters the Blood, kills the Germs, and then restores the Hair.



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Dear Sir:—I have now taken your valuable remedy termed "Capsuloids" for some time, and I have great pleasure in telling you what a powerful Restorative they have proved, both with regard to my general health, and also with respect to my hair, which came out freely until I began to use "Capsuloids," so much so, that I was afraid of getting bald. My hair has now ceased to come out, and is thick and soft, and in good condition generally. My general health has also improved wonderfully, owing to their use; and I must also mention the very great benefit I have derived from Dr. Campbell's other most valuable remedy called "Tailors." They have suited me in a way no other medicine ever has, having quite cured my Indigestion of many years' standing, and I cannot be sufficiently thankful that my attention was some time ago called to these two remedies, and that I tried them. I would not be without either of them on any account, and I am constantly recommending them to my friends. The interest Dr. Campbell takes in his patients is most gratifying to those who, as it inspires great confidence and hope—I am, dear sir, yours most gratefully.

Rev. J. N. H. LONG.



Testimony from Miss Moore, who was one of the four pretty maidens in the "Belle of New York."

51, York-street, Buckingham Gate, S.W.
Dear Sir, I am delighted with the effect of Capsuloids on my hair; they quite stopped the falling out, which nothing else seemed to even influence, and they have given me this splendid growth of new hair, which is softer and richer in colour than any I have ever had before—Yours truly,

NORA MOORE.



LOOK AT THIS PICTURE OF A HAIR GREATLY MAGNIFIED, and learn how your hair grows; why it becomes prematurely grey, why it does not grow well, and why it falls out. The whole hair is produced by the multiplication of those growing cells which lie at the bottom and form its root. Their rest and health is the life of the hair.

little blood vessels which carry the blood containing the red corpuscles, from which the cells draw all their nourishment. You can easily see from this picture that when the harmful germs settle in those growing cells and go on multiplying, they will injure the cells, make the hair become loose and fall out, or make it prematurely grey.

You can only kill those germs by quickly making millions of new blood corpuscles, and the only remedy which will make them rapidly enough is Capsuloids. A look at this scientific picture will enable you to see that external treatment cannot possibly benefit the hair.

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COUPON.
"Daily Mirror"
Dec. 2, 1904.

THE KANGAROO POLKA AND THE VALETA ARE THIS WINTER'S FASHIONABLE DANCES.

WHAT PEOPLE ARE DANCING.

THE LATEST FORMS OF TERPSICHOREAN ART.

Society with a capital S is walking with increasing slowness and solemnity at present, but in the provinces and the suburbs the cheerful "hop" waltz is coming more and more into favour. Pro-



Design for a smart day-dress made of bronze-green satin-faced cloth, with a roll collar of green velvet on the bolero fronts of the fitted coat-bodice.

bably the proverbial laziness of man in the matter of learning dancing is at the root of this popularity, for the gliding waltz requires not only an inborn

EAT BACK TO IT.

The Way to Strength.

No matter how weak and sick one may be, there is always food that will bring back strength and health if all-wise Providence permits, and that food is Grape-Nuts. A woman's case proves this. "A year ago last February my stomach and nerves got in such a wretched condition I was unable to eat anything without causing such distress and weakness that I almost preferred to starve."

"The specialist I went to said it was ulceration of the stomach and nervous prostration, and for two months I could find nothing solid I could take. I was undoubtedly starving to death as fast as I could, when I started eating about half a teaspoonful of Grape-Nuts at a time, increasing the amount until I took four teaspoonfuls at each meal, and since that time I have taken absolutely nothing else solid except as a test, but only to find I could not stand it."

"When I started I weighed 8st. 8lb., and in five months my weight was 8st. 10lb. I like the food as much as ever, and don't tire of it, although using it constantly. This has been my bill of fare morning, noon, and evening for one year and three months: four teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts, one or two raw eggs, three or four spoonfuls of cream and about one-quarter to one-half cup of milk; and see how well I am."

"We keep a grocer's shop and have quite a demand for Grape-Nuts. My friends all know what it has done for me, and I take care we always have it on hand. My two children have been very much helped and like it so well they frequently eat it in preference to sweets."

"I tested some of the recipes in the little book sent out in each package, and find them very good, especially the Grape-Nuts pudding, of which my family are very fond." Name given by Grape-Nuts Company, 99, Shaw Lane, E.C.

Look in each packet for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

gift for dancing but much practice, whereas the hop can be acquired fairly easily.

Though this season has so far ushered in no new dance like the Barn Dance, Cake Walk, and Washington Post of former ones, our old friend, the Boston Polka, has appeared with renewed vigour, and under a new name, as the Kangaroo Polka. It begins with a couple of turns of the old-fashioned prim polka order. Then comes the modern variation. The couple literally leap down the room with four long gallop steps, first on one foot, then on the other, the girl having some difficulty in keeping up with her partner, whose object it apparently is to compass a step which shall beat the record long jump. It is a truly exhilarating dance this, and already largely popular.

Another great favourite of the moment is the American two-step, sometimes miscalled a waltz, as it is, of course, danced to polka or galop time. Danced in the correct American way, it is distinctly humorous to behold, and has not the least claim to the title of a dance, though, notwithstanding this, it has an irresistible fascination of its own. The correct version is a shuffling gallop step repeated with each foot, and then a half-turn reversing. This last is the difficult movement to acquire, and American guests are much in demand at parties this season, where instruction in two-step mysteries is clamoured for by eager feminine partners. English people cannot for the most part, however, succeed in keeping down to the dead level of the shuffle, and introduce a springy movement into the step. It should be noted that another distinctive point is the way in which the man holds his partner right to one side, and not in front of him, as is the usual plan.

Lancers Like Hockey Matches.

Lancers, alas, are kitchen Lancers still, as much of a romp or more so than ever; indeed, the whole art of dancing is becoming the despair of the teachers of terpsichore. There is no doubt that the physical culture craze is being carried to excess when it comes to thus arranging the Lancers after the similitude of a mixed hockey match. It is the rarest thing nowadays to see a woman who moves with daintiness and "the finish" taught by the dancing masters and mistresses, which can only be gained by learning dancing from infancy. Yet it is quite usual for this most essential branch of physical education to be entirely neglected in

power to display themselves. Three-quarter sleeves are seen on a great many of the newest gowns for afternoon wear, and even on coats, necessitating the use of enormous muffs.

Almost every sleeve is trimmed somewhat at the elbow. Sometimes a deep cuff gives excuse for a



Two pretty dance corseges are here sketched. The first one has long lace sleeves as its salient feature, and a lace berthe headed by a garland of tiny roses and one large blossom.



The second is a printed Marie Antoinette model with diamante buttons down front and a frilled lace berthe.

ruffle to fall from the puff above; sometimes puffs and ruffles run all the way down. A single very full puff tucked in at the shoulder and again at the elbow widens out just below the elbow into a rather full ruffle, which has just below it a ruffle of wide black velvet ribbon, and just below that another ruffle, this time of lace.

HINTS FOR THE COOK.

When boiling fish be careful to have a steady clear fire, and the cooking should be done slowly and steadily.

Hot water should never be poured over roast beef for gravy, for the water ruins the flavour of the meat and softens it.

If a few grains of salt are sprinkled on coffee before the water is added to the coffee it will bring out and improve the flavour of the beverage considerably.

To make mashed potatoes light and creamy beat them well with a fork, adding a little hot milk to them. Cold milk should not be used for the purpose, for it will make them heavy.

Yolks of eggs that are not wanted for present use when the whites have been used will remain good for a day or two if they are dropped into a basin of cold water and kept in a cool, dark place.

Do not use much salt when cooking potatoes. The water for cabbage should be slightly salted, and it is an improvement to add a lump of sugar to that in which all green vegetables are boiled.

When making tea for invalids milk should be used instead of boiling water. This very much improves the flavour of the tea, and, of course, is very much more strengthening than water-made tea.

It should be remembered that white meat, such as veal or pork, requires more cooking than dark meat. If this rule is not observed the meat, when it is sent to table, will be found tough and indigestible.

If flour and water be mixed into a smooth paste and used for brushing over fish, rissoles, and so forth, it will be found to answer the purpose of beaten egg, and, of course, is much more economical. The rissoles must have breadcrumbs added to them afterwards in the usual way.

THE MYSTERY OF DESTINY.

"Hanging and wiving go by destiny" said Shakespeare; and the great poet might have added a whole catalogue of other events equally dependent upon causes over which we exercise little or no control.

When, about eight years ago, Mrs. Warburton, of No. 1, Broomfield-row, Mold, North Wales, set out upon a short journey, she did so with a definite object in view. But Mrs. Warburton was destined never to accomplish that journey. Read the brief story in the lady's own words as it appears in a letter dated June 15th, 1897.

"For many years," said Mrs. Warburton, "I suffered greatly from weakness and indigestion. I seemed to be quite without energy, the least exertion being too much for me. There was a bad taste in my mouth, my appetite was poor, and after eating I had pain and tightness at the chest and around the sides. I did not rest well at night, and morning generally found me tired and worn out."

"Of course I became low and melancholy; and this miserable condition lasting for years, I lost all hope of recovery."

"A doctor whom I saw from time to time was powerless even to relieve me. One day, while on my way to visit this doctor, I met a lady friend who was shocked at seeing me appear so ill. She told me of a medicine that had done her much good—Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup—and strongly advised me to buy a bottle at once and return home with it."

Now if she had started from home ten minutes earlier, or ten minutes later, than she did, she might not have met her friend. But she did meet her and accepted her advice; so clearly it was her destiny that she should not complete that short journey."

"And a happy destiny it proved. Mother Seigel's Syrup acted upon me like a charm. After taking it for a few days, its beneficial effect was very apparent; in fact, I was not like the same woman."

"Continuing to take the medicine, I could soon eat well, with no fear of subsequent distress, and was stronger than I had been for years."

Yes; that is just what we should have expected of Mother Seigel's Syrup. It cures rapidly, but none the less thoroughly; for there is now before us another letter from Mrs. Warburton, dated seven years later—that is to say, September 2nd, 1904—wherein she says: "I continue well and strong. Indigestion never troubles me now. I eat what I please, my health being thoroughly sound."

The wisest among us can but do his best and leave the result to Providence. When we are turned aside from a course we have marked out for ourselves, it is often for good than for evil.

favour of mere gymnastics. So the children suffer for the parents' crazes. It is a pity someone does not start a fellow society to that delightful one of getting up and practising old dances and pageants, with the object of teaching modern dancing for practical purposes.

Dancing the Lancers throughout to waltz time was tried a year or so ago, but the women all looked so helplessly self-conscious dancing round by themselves that it did not succeed. Yet the introduction of some dainty and individual dances would have a better effect than anything in helping the English girl to gain the happy self-confidence that is the possession of the American girl and the envy of her British cousin. One dancing mistress who teaches this real poetry of motion has big looking-glasses fitted round the room, which make a tremendous incentive to her pupils to look really graceful.

An attempt to revive step-dancing—especially in the north, where it is all the rage—is found in the Valeta. It combines a series of graceful movements, but as they are not arranged in the form of figures, and each couple dances independently, the effect is certainly somewhat affected.

Cotillon parties for Christmas are already being arranged, and the vogue for inexpensive presents instead of absurdly costly ones is being encouraged. Toys that will excite fun and laughter are popular, and even amongst penny ones there are hundreds that are most amusing.

MODISH SLEEVES.

Almost every kind of sleeve is being used this winter with the exception of that with the large puff below the elbow, which was so fashionable last year.

Some of the prettiest sleeves on demi-toilette evening gowns fit to the elbow, where they widen out prettily in two or three very full ruffles of the material or of some effective lace. A sleeve all little ruffles to the elbow is also very popular.

Cool sleeves include the plain, masculine ones and elaborate affairs trimmed in all sorts of daring, unusual ways. But it is in dress, rather than in coats, that sleeve fancies have been given full

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"I didn't make it, dear, it is 'St. Ivel.'"

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BUY OUR TEA AND SECURE A LUMP SUM DOWN
on the DEATH of your HUSBAND.

Every Married Lady Reader of the "Daily Mirror" should read the following:—

THE PEOPLE'S IDEAL LIFE INSURANCE.

Mr. LABOUCHERE, M.P., writing in "Truth" of the 2nd June, 1904, says:—

"If Industrial Insurance, in any shape, can be combined with retail trade, so that the same agent who delivers the tradesmen's goods collects the Insurance Premium at the same time, a great economy is effected in what has always been the heaviest item of expenditure in connection with the Industrial Insurance; and great benefits may therefore be offered to working-class customers by an Insurance Company working on these lines.

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The NELSON TRADING CO., Ltd., have entered into an arrangement with Nelson and Co., Ltd., where by their Tea Customers have secured to them a definite sum in the event of the death of the husband.

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That the conditions are	Very simple.
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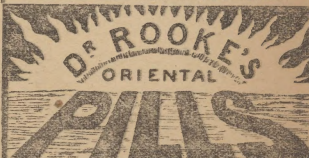
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A. BEATALL Remnant Parcels, 1s. 3d. each; Flannels, socks, Dresses, Cambrics, Longcloths, Mullins, &c., Beatall, Rushden.

A. BEAUTIFUL Baby Clothes.—Sets 50 articles, exquisitely made; largest, 21s.; approval.—Mrs. Max, 15, The Chase, Nottingham.

A. BOOTS, 5s. 4d., per pair, post free; ladies' or gent's; one shape only. "The Latest"; design altered every week so as height, heel, toe, etc., coincide with latest London West End fashions; upper so, bottom or sole, black or tan; extra superior quality, 7s. 6d.; send crossed postal order, 5s. 4d. or 7s. 6d., stating size, button or lace, black or tan; money instantly refunded if desired; we warrant every pair sewn, hand-wearing, and ultra-elegant.—Times Boot Co., established 1801, 25, Camberwell-rd., London.

A. CLOTH Costumes to measure, 15s. 6d.; any design; patterns and catalogue free.—25, Brecknock-rd., Camden-rd.

A. FURS—Elegant Roxburgh Necklet and Muff, 9s. 6d.; beautiful real Russian sable hair; never worn.—Miss Mabel, 55, Handforth-rd., S.W.

A. FURS—Elegant Russian Mink Marmot Necklet, 6s. 6d.; real 6ft. long Russian Sable Hair Stole, 9s. 6d.; new; approval.—Mater, 6, Grafton-st., Clapham.

A. GENT'S Suits to measure, 25s.; Ladies' Tailor-made Costumes to measure, 22s. 6d.; payments by instalment if desired.—City Tailors, 20, Prince Wales-rd., Norwich.

A. LADY must sacrifice lovely Marmot Sable Princess Stole, 5s. 6d.; ditto Churchills, 6s. 6d.; Sable Hair Tie, 2s. 6d.; approval.—R. T. 176, Ramead-rd., S.W.

A. LADY offers very superior quality long Stole Necklet and handsome Muff to match, rich real Russian sable hair; never worn; sacrifice 12s. 6d.; approval by post.—Miss Eva, Caxton House, Upper Tulse Hill, London.

A. LOVELY Understicks; new styles; new album free.—Baker and Co., 307, Volunteer-pl., Wandstead.

A. MARMOT table Tie, 7s. 6d.; money returned in full if not approved of.—Lewarne, 9, St. Mark's cross, Regent's Park.

A. NEW Sealskin Jacket; 25s. 7s. 6d.; great bargain; extremely elegant; latest style, unique shape, beautifully breasted, with revers and storm collar; approval singly, 25s. Marjory, 55, Handforth-rd., S.W.

A. SEND to Marie and Co., Dept. 10, Exchange Walk, Northampton, for newest patterns of Dress, Coat, Blouse, Fabrics, etc.; a splendid range of patterns sent on approval, free; state class of materials required; also frills, Muslin, Lace, and Winter Curtains, Quilts, Blankets, Sheets, etc.; list free.

A. 2/6 DOWN will secure your fashionable Overcoat or Suit to measure.—M. Scott and Co., smart style Credit Tailors, 64, Chapsdale, 62, Bedford-rd.

A. 35 DRAPEY Fur for beginners; list free.—Baker and Co., Manufacturers, H34, Volunteer-pl., Wandstead.

A. 2.500 FAIR LADIES' guaranteed, unshrinkable, woven Combinations, winter weight, at 2s. pair; natural or pink; 2 pairs for 5s. 10d.; postage 6d. extra; add 6d. for extra large size; exceptional value.—A. and E. Roberts, Warehousemen, Moorhead, Sheffield.

Miscellaneous.

A. ARISTON'S ARTISTIC SPECIALITIES.—Artistic Craystone Coloured Miniatures, from any photo 1s. 6d.; in pocket brochures from 2s. 6d.;—see list.

A. ARISTON'S artistic Picture Postcards of yourself, 2s. per dozen; sample sent.—Ariston, 15, Queen-st., Chapsdale, London. Agents wanted.

A. GOVERNOR sacrifices lovely gold-cased Carburettor, set with three turquoise stones, in case; beautiful present; accept only 2s.; approval.—Miss Russell, 63, Adelphi-rd., West London.

A. HELMA CURED by Zematone.—Write for free trial box to Cornford, 4, Lloyd-st., London.

A. PLANKETS, Sheets, and Quilts on easy terms.—Wittam Furnishing Company, 251, Old-st., E.C.

A. BOOK Bargains.—Dickens's Complete Works, illustrated, 21 vols., cr. 8vo, cloth, as new, 25s.; "Love-letters of Balzac," portraits, 2 vols., 8vo, half buckram, as new, 10s.; a great bargain; books supplied; catalogues free.—J. Jackson, Booksellers, Birmingham.

A. BOOK for Wives, by Dr. Albatt (360th thousand); invaluable to parents; post free 7d.—D. M. Charles and Co., 20, Bishopgate-st. Without, London.

A. BOOKS.—Any rare book can be had; state wants; no matter what the subject; catalogues free.—Baker's Great Bookshop, Birmingham.

A. CHRISTMAS CARDS.—25 choice folding designs, post free, 1s. 2d.; Christmas Postcards, 25 designs, post free, 1s. 2d.;—see list.

A. CHRISTMAS CHIEF is CERTAIN when the table glows with bright linen.—Real Irish damask Tablecloths, 25in. square, 2s. 11d.; Dinner Napkins, 5s. 6d. dozen; samples free.—Hutton's, 21, Abchurch-lane, London.

A. CROMWELLIAN Oak gate Leg Table; perfect condition; 70s.—101, Tranners-rd., Earlshill.

A. FURNITURE.—Rich saddlebag suit, handsome square carpet-patterned line, rug, pretty table, and vase, 5s. 10s., or 2s. 6d. week.—Hine, 97, Wiesbaden-rd., Stoke Newington.

A. HUMPHREYS Iron and Wood Buildings of every description; inexpensive; quickly erected; special catalogues for each class of building.—Humphreys, Ltd., Knightsbridge, London, S.W.

A. IRON AND WOOD BUILDINGS.—Conservatories, Greenhouses, Circulators, Light, and Easy terms.—Wittam Furnishing Company, 251, Old-st., E.C.

A. LADY'S MAID must sell privately two handsome ladies' Onion Dinner and Tea Room chairs, gold-cased; accept only 3s. the two; bargain; approval before payment; willingness.—Miss Andrews, The Gables, Ealing Road, London.

A. LARGE Assortment of new and second-hand Leather Trunks to be sold cheap.—Wentler, 107, Charing Cross-rd., W.C.

A. LADIES.—Now is the time to replenish your stock in L. tablecloths, sheets, towels, blankets, etc.; best values; large book of illustrations, free; also lace curtains, brass, muslin, horse, down quilts, tapestries, at market prices.—Write to S. Peach and Sons, Curtain Manufacturers, Box 219, Nottingham.

A. MARRIED PEOPLE.—Send 7 stamps for "Wife's Hand" book, by Dr. Arthur Albatt; 360th thousand; invaluable advice; sealed envelope.—Publisher, 9, Finsbury-st., London, E.C.



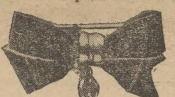
PIPING HOT BOVRIL

with a dash of cold milk.

"DAILY MIRROR"

MINIATURES.

Last Days of Our Christmas Offer.



AFTER DECEMBER 10th

the exquisite portrait Miniatures, which we are offering at such ridiculously low prices to advertise the "Daily Mirror," will be no longer obtainable as Christmas presents. Owing to the enormous demand, and the delicate and tedious nature of the work, this is the latest possible date which we can accept orders if the Miniatures are to reach their destination in time for Christmas. If you wish to make sure of securing one of these beautiful mementoes for a relative or dearest friend, you should not wait until the final rush, but should send off the photograph you want reproduced TO-DAY.

It is impossible for you to form any conception of the real beauty of a "Daily Mirror" Miniature until you have seen one. No photograph, however perfect, can give you such a realistic and lifelike impression of yourself as one of these brilliant little portraits finished in water-colours. We have received hundreds of testimonials in appreciation of these beautiful ornaments. Remember that it is only as an advertisement for the "Daily Mirror" that we are able to offer you these beautiful little Miniatures finished in water-colours and mounted as

"Daily Mirror" Pendant with Bow attached.

Pendant, 2/11; Brooch, 3/3

(Postage 2d.)

If you require a double Pendant, that is one with pictures on both sides, the price is only 1/- extra.

How to Send for the Miniatures.

When sending for the "Daily Mirror" Brooch or Pendant fill in the Coupon below, enclose photograph and postal order crossed County & Co., and send it to the Miniature Department, "Daily Mirror" Office, 2, Carmelite Street, E.C.

Please send the "Daily Mirror".....[Here state whether you require Brooch or Pendant.]

WRITE Name.....

PLAINLY Address.....

Colour of Hair..... Colour of Eyes.....

Complexion..... Dress.....

Call at 45, New Bond Street, London, W., or 2, Carmelite Street, and see one.

DAILY BARGAINS.

Miscellaneous.

MOTOR-CAR, 55s.; the "Velo" miniature; latest novelty; any child can work it.—H. 9, Coleman-st., E.C. Agents wanted.

NELSON Ralls; pen and ink sketch; plan of the battle of Alton; signed Nelson; for sale.—Particulars H. 90, De Beauvoir-rd., Kingsland, N.

NEW PLATED TABLEWARE FOR OLD.—Replating of Very description done efficiently, promptly, and cheaply. Send sample upon request, and we will deliver it free of cost, and return it with an estimate for any quantity you may require.—The Electro Plating Co., Barnsbury Works, Barnsbury, N.

PATCHWORK—500 beautiful crazywork silks; 1s. 6d.; free.—Madam, 6, Williams Cottages, Leyton, Essex.

POSTCARD Collectors can have a beautifully-coloured collection of Castles, Abbeys, Cathedrals, Views, etc., for 2s. 6d.—W. Walton, 4, Rosindale-rd., Hornsey, Middlesex.

PRIVATE Christmas Cards, 1s. dozen; fashionable specimens free; charming folding Xmas Cards, 6s. 1s. Watkins, Upper-st., Islington.

PRIVATE Greeting Cards for Christmas; sample books sent for inspection post free; special discount 2s. in the 1s. allowed on all early season orders.—George Taplin, Manufacturer, Harnsey, London, S.W.

STAMPS—Grand novelty packet, 50 recent issues, rare Colonial and foreign Stamps, including many King's heads; marvellous value; 1s. 1d. post free.—Worth Bros., Colchester. Selections on approval; suit beginners or advanced collectors.

TYPEWRITERS—Two Remingtons for sale, cheap; guaranteed.—Marshall, 74, Grosvenor-rd., Chancery.

"WIFE'S HANDBOOK" by late Dr. Arthur Albatt; invaluable advice to parents; 360th thousand; 7d.; post free; sealed envelope.—W. Sydney, 10, Green-st., Leweston, London, W.C.

YOUR Photo in Miniature for attaching to Christmas cards, greetings, lockets, etc.; 1s. per dozen, post free. Send photo, which will be returned unaltered, and postal order to Montgomery Jones, 19, Broadway, Wimpole-st., London.

9D. BUYS 25 artistic Picture Postcards, including Xmas postcards, sent free; no rubbish.—Fletcher, 6, Grafton-st., Clapham.

EMANUEL, 31, CLAPHAM-ROAD, NEAR KENNINGTON PARK AND OVAL ELECTRIC

NOTE ADDRESS—31, CLAPHAM-ROAD. PAWNBROKERS, CROSSLAND, EMERSON AND BANKRUPTCY ASSOCIATION, CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

CLEARANCE SALE, COLOSSAL VALUE. Approval before payment. Send postcard for complete list of Bargains.

ONLY 12s. 6d.—MAGNIFICENT SET OF FURS. Elegant rich dark Sable Hair, Duchesse Alexandra Dagmar set, long necklet with 6 tails, and handkerchiefs, 12s. 6d. perfectly new; reduced price, 12s. 6d.

ONLY 45s.—SILVER MOUNTED TABLE CUTLERY; 12 table, 12 dessert knives, pair carvers, and steel; Crayford ivory handles; reduced price; set containing same quality silver and cutlery as before.

ONLY 25s. 6d.—AT QUALITY SPOONS AND FORKS; complete service, 12 each table and dessert spoons and forks, 12 teaspoons; 60 pieces; stamped AL.F.N.S.; reduced price 25s. 6d.; approval.

ONLY 16s. 6d.—FISH KNIVES AND FORKS; handsome case 6 pairs silver, half-marked, mounted ivory handles; reduced price, 16s. 6d.; complete set, 16s. 6d.; approval.

ONLY 25s. 6d.—TABLE LINEN; BANKRUPTCY STOCK; UNPRECEDENTED VALUE; 2 1/2yd. double damask tablecloth, 2 1/2yd. 4 wide; 12 tablecloths, 12s. 6d.; guaranteed Irish manufacture; approval.

ONLY 4d. 3d.—CURB CHAIN PADLOCK BRACELET; 18-carat gold stamped filled; in case; sacrifice 4s. 3d.; also heavier quality, 5s. 6d. and 6s. 6d.; approval.

ONLY 37s. 6d.—HALL-MARKED LONG NECK CHAIN; 18-carat gold stamped filled; latest style; reduced price, 37s. 6d.; approval.

ONLY 5s. 6d.—HANDSOME SILVER HALF-MARKED CLOCKS; 4 1/2 inches high and 4 wide; lever movement; perfectly new; reduced price, 10s. 6d.; approval.

ONLY 37s. 6d.—ITALY-MARKED SILVER TABLE SET; elaborate silver half-brass, large silver mirror, and elegantly silver-mounted comb on snuff; reduced price, 37s. 6d.; perfectly new; approval.

ONLY 19s. 6d.—VALUABLE OLD VIOLIN; mellow tone; labelled Stradivarius Cremona, 1700; with leather-mounted case, bow, etc.; reduced price, 19s. 6d.; approval.

ONLY 6s. 6d.—LADY'S ELEGANT SILK UNIFORM; 9s. 6d.; 7in. deep silver half-marked case; handsomely framed; approval.

EMANUEL, D.M. DEPT. 10, address, 31, CLAPHAM-ROAD, LONDON. NOTE ADDRESS. NEAR KENNINGTON GATE.

FREE, FREE, FREE.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS GIVEN AWAY.—Free Gift. A 5s. Fountain Pen, with electric gold nib, and instructions in box complete, given free to every purchaser during our great clearance sale; other free gifts include silver Match Boxes, Cigarette Cases, etc. See list below.

M. D. DAVIS PAWNBROKER, 524, HIGH-ROAD, CHISWICK, LONDON W.

GREAT CLEARANCE SALE, FULLY LISTED POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

10/6. GENT'S CARBONAT GOLD-JEWELLERY movement, perfect timekeeper, 10 years' written warranty, also 18-carat gold stamped filled, double Carb. Albert, Seal attached, guaranteed 15 years' wear. Two together, sacrifice 10s. 6d. Approval before payment.

10/6. LADY'S HANDSOME 18-CARAT GOLD-JEWELLERY movement, perfect timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; also fashionable long Watch Guard, 18-carat gold stamped filled, elegantly engraved case, 10s. 6d. Approval before payment.

21/-. LADY'S SOLID GOLD (stamped) KEYS, sacrifice 10s. 6d. Approval before payment.

11/6. LOVELY REAL SABLE, for colour, rich and lustrous fur necklet with fox head spring fastening, 6 bushy tails, large muff, to match, together 11s. 6d. Approval.

16/9. MAGNIFICENT PHONOGRAPH, with aluminium trumpet, lever action, with 12 1/2 in. 45 Records; lat. sacrifice 16s. 9d.

10/6. DIAMOND AND EMERALD DOUBLET HALF-HOOP RING; large, lustrous stones. Sacrifice 10s. 6d. Approval.

4/11 7s. 6d. ELEGANT NEW SEALSKIN JACKET, latest fashion, perfect fit, perfect workmanship, sacrifice 4s. 11s. 7s. 6d. Approval.

M. D. DAVIS PAWNBROKER, 524, HIGH-ROAD, CHISWICK, LONDON W.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

ITALIAN MANDOLINE, genuine Sistema da Napoli; in case; 15s. 6d.; approval.—Tutor, 6, Grafton-st., Clapham.

PIANOFORTE.—Handsome walnut and marqueterie case; full richwood finish; perfect touch and tone; this instrument is honest value and has no fictitious price; price 20 guineas, carriage paid.—H. 20, Lillford-rd., Colindale-lane, S.E.

PIANOS! ORGANIS!—Shenstone's great record sale; 1,000 must be cleared at once; great opportunity for prospective buyers; 7000, iron frame pianofortes from 12 to 50 guineas, from 8s. monthly; no deposit; 10 years' warranty; chance of a 2000, iron frame pianofortes, E.C. 15, Dalton-lane, opp. Junction, 163, Edgware-rd., W. 55, Newington-bus, S.E.; 226, High-rd., Leyton, E.

High-st. North, East Ham; 8, Chancery-lane, W. 20, Kensal-rise, N.W.; Wagner House, 127, East-lane, Wandsworth, S.W.

Other Small Advertisements on page 2.

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